

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1913

Nocturne

By Geoffrey Cookson

UNDER the walls of silent palaces,
Obscure and blind, save for some pale largesse
Let fall from lustrous amber-lit saloon,
I drifted like a boat, in that ghast noon
Of midnight, like the cold eclipse's spell.
On many a curve and shining parallel
Of moated light the sombre walls down-gazed;
And in the trenched darkness globed lamps blazed
With spiteful beams, like those the moonlight whets
On the keen edge of frosty bayonets;
Or bombs exploding from a solid core
Of frozen fire that bursts in starry war.
And ringed with many an intersecting arc
The smooth-slabbed pavement shone, as when some dark
Cliff-shore the glamorous cold foam invades.
Vast façades loomed and domes; and long arcades
Glittered; and all around me and beyond
Roof upon roof uprose pavilioned
In darkness; and the swarth night, dragon-eyed,
Glistened with beaded lamps, that dawned and died,
Like jewel-flash of shut anémones,
When a blue wave leaps from the tropic seas.

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Where, like some antique god in panic flight
Struck motionless at the perturbing might
Of strange, new worlds, the archer sinketh low
The futile menace of his shaftless bow,
I stood: amid the roar of clashing streets,
Above the mob, like a new-stripped athlete's,
Shining with costly oil, his bronze limbs gleamed:
And ghastness on the surging concourse beamed
A fiery dazzlement. In her dark shawl
The flower-girl, patient at his pedestal,
Seemed stoled in silver; wild narcissus-slips
Wanned in her basket: pallor kissed her lips
And the ripe-hued carnation-flowers'. It threw
On many-tinted news-sheets a death-hue,
Like moonlight among tombs; as if they summed
The strife of shadows: and the lit cars hummed
Like moths with shining eyes: in all that press
Nought else articulate; and echoless
The myriad footfall.

Out of that blind sea,
Through vagueness rolling on phantasmally,
Men leapt into the light, and sank and rose
Like waves. Down distant archipelagos
Of gloom they came; 'twixt granite flood-gates hemmed;
Spurned back in foam from scornful statues; stemmed
By vast columnar monoliths: gorged squares
Spued them down causeways wide, colossal stairs,
And giant-architected avenues.
In that fierce glow I saw them melt and fuse
Like fire-edged phantoms at a furnace-door:
Slow down choked aisles they swayed like cooling ore;
And they were swallowed 'neath the concave gleam
Of white-walled colonnades, like a dark stream
Gulfed in some subterranean labyrinth.
And all about the statue's stubborn plinth
And sharp obstructions, many-islanded,
They broke, like billows on a jagged bed
Of sunken rocks, where the still moonbeam plays,
Fought and stormed on and down the wasteful ways
Were spent upon the night.

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And from that pool
Of turbid being, fierce and masterful,
Rose lonesome music; homeless, vague and blind
As thunder; as the dreams of some vast mind
Heaving to consciousness. Each low wave-crest
Seemed undulant with a whole world's unrest:
And near and far boomed the deep ocean-swell,
Immense and dark and unassuageable
As Time and Death. On its broad surface filth
And splendour glittered; chastity and spilth
Of lewdness; all compassion, all disdain,
All beauty, all disgust, all pride, all pain,
Swept indistinguishably; as if some power,
Which is the cosmic spirit of the hour
And of all time, that neither seeks, nor spares,
Nor pardons, nor rewards, but all man dares
Or suffers, prompts, absorbs and supersedes,
Wrought visibly; compelling to its needs
Those strenuous atoms, by the hand that flung
The stars through space, fish through the deep, and stung
To life the warm earth-slime. The human stream
Swarmed, yeasty nothings focussed in the beam
Illumining a microscopic slide.
And tyrannous frauds that kept the world tongue-tied,
Serene and sanguine prophecies, and bright
Hallucinations sank; and infinite
Abysses wailed; and deities august
Cried, like the voice that whispers in the dust.
And darkened windows glimmered in the naves
Of lampless sanctuaries; and silent graves
Seemed cenotaphs of faiths whose light is spent;
And a new voice beat down the argument
Of childish creeds. But beyond love and hate,
Remorseless still, and still dispassionate,
Helpless and irresistible as doom
Heaved the unfathomable sea, whose womb
Brings forth her mighty children, and whose maw
Devoureth her own brood.

By that strong law
That links the stars in luminous delight
I let those vast vibrations through me smite

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Deep chords; until I knew the melting bliss
Of dreams; of waves; of bubble-notes that kiss
In foaming seas of sound; and through me flowed
The universal, lifting the dull load
Of fragmentary being. Two extremes,
Both perfect, one of action one of dreams,
Bore equal sway in me: no eastern sage
More quiet in his forest-hermitage,
Nor art's intensest energy more rapt

So where the threaded ways dense darkness sapped
I drifted; down slack channels, shallow creeks,
Slow-paced canals, where the smooth current sleeks
Low-chiming in the violet-hued nocturne;
And glowing-ripe, like grapes, large arc-lamps burn,
Clustered in that ghast vineyard's monotone
Where Aphrodite's priestess walks alone.
And though the mean beast man, askance and tame,
Blinks in the cold stare of that hard-eyed flame,
She cometh as a stately prophetess
Of truth, that looketh all men in the face.
Yea, and she bringeth gifts, and soothfast spells,
To rouse and to allay tumultuous hells:
Her blood is sleepy as a full-gorged snake's,
As a slow smoke, that lingeringly forsakes
Its dish of gold in some adulterous shrine,
Where shredding spices Lust doth medicine
The languid fires. With myrrh and frankincense
She hath prepared her bed, for recompense
She asketh the clean-minted gold, whereon
Soft palms closed furtive once in Babylon:
Love's traffic-token in Carthage and Tyre.
To the low music of unchaste desire
She steppeth trippingly with galliard gait;
And with that strange, slow, meaning smile doth bait
Her mouth that withered ages long ago.
The hornéd moon of Ashtaroth doth throw
Her shadow down a horrible abyss:
But not extinguished by the bestial kiss
Beauty, that holy thing, still burns in her:
Though Time and hideous Death make loathlier
The loathéd rites of interwreathed embrace,

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Yet lovely as a seraph's is her face
Procured from heaven for hell's heresiarch.
And for her full-moon festival the dark
Midnight is streaked with faint and luminous bars
As from a galaxy of fallen stars,
That at all seasons she may gather in,
To brim her vat, the purple grapes of sin;
The street made populous, that, crowned and palled,
She may walk publicly through that dark-halled
Sheol; her woman's flesh by paths of doom
Short, shameful, strange, find out the little tomb
Where all paths end. And, like a brain of brass,
The cogged wheels count the moments as they pass,
Meting with golden numbers no man sees
The patient minutes and the slow degrees
On the vain orbit of recurving Time :
And the night rouses to a sleepy chime,
As if some god, that careth not at all,
Lifted a tired hand, and let it fall.

The Young Emigrant

By Wilfrid Thorley

DEPARTURE.

MOTHER, I'm going. The sea-breezes whip like a thong;
Goad me and call with a taunt as they whirl me along.
Soon will I follow and shatter my fetters of hatred and
wrong.

Never—I promise—no, never again shall you rue.
“Promise,” you say? Can I, then, to no promise be true?
Well, you have bred me, I'll not quarrel now, my dear
mother, with you.

No need to urge me, firm-footed I leap to the tug,
Blind to the valley of fields that I've garnered and dug,
Drowsy gold breaths of the gorse probing deep in my veins
like a drug.

“What of Dow's rick?” I'll not burn it again in my life,
Anger that rankles I fly and the risk of new strife.
Yonder there'll come little harm, though I irk all day long
for the knife.

I've stifled my heart's deep prayer, the voice of my pain.
What? Wince at the roar of the wind, the welt of the rain,
Here, iron-sheathed to the shafts of my woe—iron heart,
iron brain?

The wings of the gulls like sickles are cleaving the sky,
Vain gleaning the void. They flash in the storm cloud
and cry.
The sea you tell me is bitter; and so, my poor mother,
am I.

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The storm-wind is rising, I'll ride in my vessel and trust
The backs of the stallion-breakers, loud in their lust,
Spent on the steel of her bows as they shiver and parry
and thrust.

Each mail shall bring letters, I warrant you. When I
grow cold,
Mind me of fields where blue blurs of cloud-shadow are
rolled
Over the daffodils' lances of green and their helmets of
gold.

I'll picture the full-pillared pine gloom, the shoots of the
vine,
Brood-mares in the meadow, and harvesters bending in
line.
Mother, I'll pillow your portrait, and fancy your cheek
throbs to mine.

Stand clear of the rail. I'll wave till we've rounded the
bend;
The light of your eyes shall follow me out to the end.
Good-bye! (*How the quay slips away!*) God keep you!
(*Dear eyes how you rend!*)

(*Clear of my brand of false shame would I shield you
from harm.
Fain would I forage for ever yon low-lying farm;
Lie, just a baby again, harboured safe in the curve of your
arm.*)

PASSAGE.

Hemmed round with monitory lamps,
Vague clamour; whipped with floating sud,
The muffled horns of sea-worn tramps
Wail menace dire athwart the flood;
Dock-free, the engines thrill and thud
And hurl the liner through the fog;
She strains, a panther keen for blood;
She quivers like a scolded dog.

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The last spire fades, the last grey roof,
And fainter gleam the lights of Hull;
Against the dark sky poised aloof
One homeless, solitary gull;
While far away the sea looms dull
With crestless waters rolling sleek;
The clammy pillow chills my skull
And valves spit steam amid the reek.

Outside the melancholy bell
Peals from some wave-bewildered buoy,
Remote as on the brink of Hell
The echo of long-perished joy.
My mate whom many ales decoy
From sleep, raves loudly. All to him
What Helens light his later Troy
And how to sate his lustful whim.

I turn upon my pillow damp
With oozings from an unseen leak;
The flame dies slowly in the lamp,
And in my veins the blood runs weak.
There is no space whereon to wreak
Blind fancy groping wild for love—
The crumpled pillow at my cheek,
The lines of bare white board above.

ARRIVAL.

All along the river reaches stooping files of dusky nudes
Marshalled by a hoar Silenus sober from a recent bout;
Mountain summits, snowy-crested, girdled by the tropic
woods
Rise, superb in frozen rhythm, like the old Earth's last
redout
Scorning all the starry legions that uplift their glinting
spears
Flashing in their vast manœuvres on the purple field of
night;
And the water rolling dark till, demon-like, the lightning
leers
As a gage of war in heaven thrilling chaos into light.

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Pomp of ample forest shielding bird and beast in pliant
shade,
Blending as the pale moon draws the cloud-swathes o'er
her pearly breast,
Gluts the zeal of aching eyes beyond the bourne for which
I prayed.
Here forget your wild youth's revel, the remorse and the
unrest.
Here, where moves no sullen labour straining at the galling
yoke;
Here, where silent-footed natives smile benign on alien
lords,
At a word their strong backs bending to the rhythmic
paddle-stroke
Cleaving thro' the windless water like the sweep of
clustered swords.

All the sense grows numb and drowsy breathing sap
absorbed in air;
All the strange narcotic juices waft their essence on the
breeze;
And the straining eyes sun-wearied, climbing up the
mountain stair,
Greet the cool snow on the summit and the purple gloom
of trees.
And I move through veils of vapour, like a tense
sommambulist
Staid and slow in holy rapture, whom some tyrant dream
impels,
On the voiceless, moon-dazed river fondled by the floating
mist,
To the bamboo-bordered haven where the ripples chime
like bells.

COMFORT.

I've the fever, so they tell me, and an old grey wastrel
spins,
As I lie here in my hammock, spicy yarns about his sins.
Weather's wetter
I'll be better
When the fog-cloud thins.

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I'd a bath among the bamboo and it seemed to cool me
through,
Draw the heat out from my body as the sun draws up the
dew.

But he curses,
Saying, "Nurses
Won't give much for you.

"When you're well it's good to wander, but, by thunder,
when you're sick,
And you're burning like a candle at the bottom of the wick,
Then let Hell come
But it's welcome
If they snuff you quick.

"I was seven weeks in Smyrna with a fever caught from
figs
Eaten ripe with sups of brandy (we were loading Bergen
brigs),
Better billet
On dry millet,
And you'll dance no jigs.

"We'd a sooty lascar stoking, and a Swede who never
smiled,
Fourteen Greeks with greasy faces smooth as eggs, and
seven mild
German seamen
Shipped at Bremen
Made the Captain wild.

"Didn't know a word of English, stolid louts with lots o'
nerve,
But the Swede, blue-eyed, splay-footed, floundered with
each tidal swerve;
Till we'd illness
For his stillness,
Then we made him serve.

"And he gazed about bewildered, like an angel down in
Hell.

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He was kind though, never left us, though the fever
 wouldn't quell,
 Growing dafter
 At the laughter
From the gay bordel.

"But we ran up the Blue Peter after fifty days in port;
Met a squall south-west of Lisbon; lost a spar as though
for sport.

 Two weeks graving
 Made the raving
Owners cut pay short."

So he rambles, lightly droning, till at last I fall asleep;
And I dream of women swimming after ships along the
deep,

 Till they grasp me,
 Fain to clasp me,
When I wake—and weep.

DOUBT.

What if she be not light,
 But full of a love withheld,
Till I rise up free from my plight
 The stronger for passion quelled?
And, the mists of anger dispelled,
Ah! love, ah! love, will you write?

What do the bright eyes scheme
 At gaze from the photograph?
Is it only a sunshine dream
 That ripples her cheeks to laugh,
Or is it the lads' light chaff
That hailed her over the stream?

Well, she's a girl and deep—
 Deeper than I can plumb.
Does she wake in the night and weep
 For the voice of her love grown dumb?
Does she laugh, and kiss, and succumb,
And barter her soiled love cheap?

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O! I could love her still,
I who deemed love was dead.
Poor weak fool! For now I am ill,
And drawn by a silken thread.
Could she come here now to my bed,
I would yield up all to her will.

CONCLUSION.

Poor young fool! He came in April, caught the fever
here in June;
Let none help him; left the shanty; took a dip in the
lagoon;
Came back panting in the twilight, looking whiter than
the moon.

And when all the owls were hooting and we heard the
jackal's cry,
Crept to bed. We burnt banana-rind to keep the fog-
cloud high;
But the fever snapped him like a reed the fierce suns
bleach and dry.

He was maudlin; he was bitter; he was humble as a
child;
Day by day the boy grew stiller; day by day he grew
more mild;
Till we found him with the picture, like a stunned beast
staring wild.

And he dropped it from his fingers—rigid stems of
shrunk bone;
Drew one breath and sank back heavy on his pillow, like
a stone.
And we buried him, palm-sheltered, with the pictured girl
unknown.

The Story Teller's Craft

II

Writing Novels

By Arnold Bennett

I

THE novelist is he who, having seen life, and being so excited by it that he absolutely must transmit the vision to others, chooses narrative fiction as the liveliest vehicle for the relief of his feelings. He is like other artists—he cannot remain silent; he cannot keep himself to himself, he is bursting with the news; he is bound to tell—the affair is too thrilling! Only he differs from most artists in this—that what most chiefly strikes him is the indefinable humaneness of human nature, the large general manner of existing. Of course, he is the result of evolution from the primitive. And you can see primitive novelists to this day transmitting to acquaintances their fragmentary and crude visions of life in the café or the club, or on the kerbstone. They belong to the lowest circle of artists; but they are artists; and the form that they adopt is the very basis of the novel. By innumerable entertaining steps from them you may ascend to the major artist whose vision of life, inclusive, intricate and intense, requires for its due transmission the great traditional form of the novel as perfected by the masters of a long age which has temporarily set the novel higher than any other art-form.

I would not argue that the novel should be counted supreme among the great traditional forms of art. Even if there is a greatest form, I do not much care which it is. I have in turn been convinced that Chartres Cathedral, certain Greek sculpture, Mozart's *Don Juan*, and the juggling of Paul Cinquevalli, was the finest thing in the

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world—not to mention the achievements of Shakspeare or Nijinsky. But there is something to be said for the real pre-eminence of prose fiction as a literary form. (Even the modern epic has learnt almost all it knows from prose-fiction.) The novel has, and always will have, the advantage of its comprehensive bigness. St. Peter's at Rome is a trifle compared with Tolstoi's *War and Peace*; and it is as certain as anything can be that, during the present geological epoch at any rate, no epic half as long as *War and Peace* will ever be read, even if written.

Notoriously the novelist (including the playwright, who is a sub-novelist) has been taking the bread out of the mouths of other artists. In the matter of poaching, the painter has done a lot, and the composer has done more, but what the painter and the composer have done is as naught compared to the grasping deeds of the novelist. And whereas the painter and the composer have got into difficulties with their audacious schemes, the novelist has poached, colonised, and annexed with a success that is not denied. There is scarcely any aspect of the interestingness of life which is not now rendered in prose-fiction—from landscape-painting to sociology—and none which might not be. Unnecessary to go back to the ante-Scott age in order to perceive how the novel has aggrandised itself! It has conquered enormous territories since *Germinal*. Within the last fifteen years it has gained. Were it to adopt the hue of the British Empire, the entire map of the universe would soon be coloured red. Wherever it ought to stand in the hierarchy of forms, it has, actually, no rival at the present day as a means for transmitting the impassioned vision of life. It is, and will be for some time to come, the form to which the artist with the most inclusive vision instinctively turns, because it is the most inclusive form, and the most adaptable. Indeed, before we are much older, if its present rate of progress continues, it will have re-occupied the dazzling position to which the mighty Balzac lifted it, and in which he left it in 1850. So much, by the way, for the rank of the novel.

II

In considering the equipment of the novelist there are two attributes which may always be taken for granted. The

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first is the sense of beauty—indispensable to the creative artist. Every creative artist has it, in his degree. He is an artist because he has it. An artist works under the stress of instinct. No man's instinct can draw him towards material which repels him—the fact is obvious. Obviously, whatever kind of life the novelist writes about, he has been charmed and seduced by it, he is under its spell—that is, he has seen beauty in it. He could have no other reason for writing about it. He may see a strange sort of beauty; he may—indeed he does—see a sort of beauty that nobody has quite seen before; he may see a sort of beauty that none save a few odd spirits ever will or can be made to see. But he does see beauty. To say, after reading a novel which has held you, that the author has no sense of beauty, is inept. (The mere fact that you turned over his pages with interest is an answer to the criticism—a criticism, indeed, which is not more sagacious than that of the reviewer who remarks: "Mr. Blank has produced a thrilling novel, but unfortunately he cannot write." Mr. Blank has written; and he could, anyhow, write enough to thrill the reviewer.) All that a wise person will assert is that an artist's sense of beauty is different for the time being from his own.

The reproach of the lack of a sense of beauty has been brought against nearly all original novelists; it is seldom brought against a mediocre novelist. Even in the extreme cases it is untrue; perhaps it is most untrue in the extreme cases. I do not mean such a case as that of Zola, who never went to extremes. I mean, for example, Gissing, a real extremist, who, it is now admitted, saw a clear and undiscovered beauty in forms of existence which hitherto no artist had deigned seriously to examine. And I mean Huysmans, a case even more extreme. Possibly no works have been more abused for ugliness than Huysmans' novel *En Ménage* and his book of descriptive essays *De Tout*. Both reproduce with exasperation what is generally regarded as the sordid ugliness of commonplace daily life. Yet both exercise a unique charm (and will surely be read when *La Cathédrale* is forgotten). And it is inconceivable that Huysmans—whatever he may have said—was not ravished by the secret beauty of his subjects, and did not exult in it.

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The other attribute which may be taken for granted in the novelist, as in every artist, is passionate intensity of vision. Unless the vision is passionately intense the artist will not be moved to transmit it. He will not be inconvenienced by it; and the motive to pass it on will thus not exist. Every fine emotion produced in the reader has been, and must have been, previously felt by the writer, but in a far greater degree. It is not altogether uncommon to hear a reader whose heart has been desolated by the poignancy of a narrative complain that the writer is unemotional. Such people have no notion at all of the processes of artistic creation.

III

The one important attribute in the equipment of the novelist—the attribute which indeed by itself practically suffices, and whose absence renders futile all other attributes, is fineness of mind. A great novelist must have great qualities of mind. His mind must be sympathetic, quickly responsive, courageous, honest, humorous, tender, just, merciful. He must be able to conceive the ideal without losing sight of the fact that it is a human world we live in. Above all, his mind must be permeated and controlled by common sense. His mind, in a word, must have the quality of being noble. Unless his mind is all this, he will never, at the ultimate bar, be reckoned supreme. That which counts, on every page, and all the time, is the very texture of his mind—the glass through which he sees things. Every other attribute is secondary, and is dispensable. Fielding lives unequalled among English novelists because the broad nobility of his mind is unequalled. He is read with unreserved enthusiasm because the reader feels himself at each paragraph to be in close contact with a glorious personality. And no advance in technique among later novelists can possibly imperil his position. He will take second place when a more noble mind, a more superb common sense, happens to wield the narrative pen, and not before. What undermines the renown of Dickens is the growing conviction that the texture of his mind was common, that he fell short in courageous facing of the truth, and in certain delicacies of perception. As much may be said of Thackeray, whose mind was somewhat incom-

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plete for so grandiose a figure, and not free from defects which are inimical to immortality.

It is a hard saying for me, and full of danger in any country whose artists have shown contempt for form, yet I am obliged to say that, as the years pass, I attach less and less importance to good technique in fiction. I love it, and I have fought for a better recognition of its importance in England, but I now have to admit that the modern history of fiction will not support me. With the single exception of Turgenev, the great novelists of the world, according to my own standards, have either ignored technique or have failed to understand it. What an error to suppose that the finest foreign novels show a better sense of form than the finest English novels! Balzac was a prodigious blunderer. He could not even manage a sentence, not to speak of the general form of a book. And as for a greater than Balzac—Stendhal—his scorn of technique was notorious. Stendhal was capable of writing, in a masterpiece: “By the way, I ought to have told you earlier that the Duchess——”! And as for a greater than either Balzac or Stendhal—Dostoevsky—what a hasty, amorphous lump of gold is the sublime, the unapproachable *Brothers Karamazov*! Any tutor in a college for teaching the whole art of fiction by post in twelve lessons could show where Dostoevsky was clumsy and careless. What would have been Flaubert’s detailed criticism of that book? And what would it matter? And, to take a minor example, witness the comically amateurish technique of the late “Mark Rutherford”—nevertheless a novelist whom one can deeply admire.

And when we come to consider the great technicians, Guy de Maupassant and Flaubert, can we say that their technique will save them, or atone in the slightest degree for the defects of their minds? Exceptional artists both, they are both now inevitably falling in esteem to the level of the second-rate. Human nature being what it is, and de Maupassant being tinged with eroticism, his work is sure to be read with interest by mankind; but he is already classed. Nobody, now, despite all his brilliant excellences, would dream of putting de Maupassant with the first magnitudes. And the declension of Flaubert is one of the outstanding phenomena of modern French criticism. It is

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being discovered that Flaubert's mind was not quite noble enough—that, indeed, it was a cruel mind, and a little anæmic. *Bouvard et Pécuchet* was the crowning proof that Flaubert had lost sight of the humanness of the world, and suffered from the delusion that he had been born on the wrong planet. The glitter of his technique is dulled now, and fools even count it against him. In regard to one section of human activity only did his mind seem noble—namely, literary technique. His correspondence, written, of course, currently, was largely occupied with the question of literary technique, and his correspondence stands forth to-day as his best work—a marvellous fount of inspiration to his fellow artists. So I return to the point that the novelist's one important attribute is fundamental quality of mind. It and nothing else makes both the friends and the enemies which he has; while the influence of technique is slight and transitory. And I repeat that it is a hard saying.

I begin to think that great writers of fiction are by the mysterious nature of their art ordained to be "amateurs." There may be something of the amateur in all great artists. I do not know why it should be so, unless because, in the exuberance of their sense of power, they are impatient of the exactitudes of systematic study and the mere bother of repeated attempts to arrive at a minor perfection. Assuredly no great artist was ever a profound scholar. The great artist has other ends to achieve. And every artist, major and minor, is aware in his conscience that art is full of artifice, and that the desire to proceed rapidly with the affair of creation, and an excusable dislike of re-creating anything twice, thrice or ten times over—unnatural task!—are responsible for much of that artifice. We can all point in excuse to Shakspeare, who was a very rough-and-ready person, and whose methods would shock Flaubert. Indeed, the amateurishness of Shakspeare has been mightily exposed of late years. But nobody seems to care. If Flaubert had been a greater artist he might have been more of an amateur.

IV

Of this poor neglected matter of technique the more

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important branch is design—or construction. It is the branch of the art—of all arts—which comes next after “inspiration”—a capacious word meant to include everything that the artist must be born with and cannot acquire. The less important branch of technique—far less important—may be described as ornamentation.

There are very few rules of design in the novel; but the few are capital. Nevertheless, great novelists have often flouted or ignored them—to the detriment of their work. In my opinion the first rule is that the interest must be centralised; it must not be diffused equally over various parts of the canvas. To compare one art with another may be perilous, but really the convenience of describing a novel as a canvas is extreme. In a well-designed picture the eye is drawn chiefly to one particular spot. If the eye is drawn with equal force to several different spots, then we reproach the painter for having “scattered” the interest of the picture. Similarly with the novel. A novel must have one, two, or three figures that easily overtop the rest. These figures must be in the foreground, and the rest in the middle-distance or in the background.

Moreover, these figures—whether they are saints or sinners—must somehow be presented more sympathetically than the others. If this cannot be done, then the inspiration is at fault. The single motive that should govern the choice of a principal figure is the motive of love for that figure. What else could the motive be? The race of heroes is essential to art. But what makes a hero is less the deeds of the figure chosen than the understanding sympathy of the artist with the figure. To say that the hero has disappeared from modern fiction is absurd. All that has happened is that the characteristics of the hero have changed, naturally, with the times. When Thackeray wrote “a novel without a hero,” he wrote a novel with a first-class hero, and nobody knew this better than Thackeray. What he meant was that he was sick of the conventional bundle of characteristics styled a hero in his day, and that he had changed the type. Since then we have grown sick of Dobbins, and the type has been changed again more than once. The fateful hour will arrive when we shall be sick of Ponderevos.

The temptation of the great novelist, overflowing with

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creative force, is to scatter the interest. In both his major works Tolstoi found the temptation too strong for him. *Anna Karenina* is not one novel, but two, and suffers accordingly. As for *War and Peace*, the reader wanders about in it as in a forest, for days, lost, deprived of a sense of direction, and with no vestige of a signpost; at intervals encountering mysterious faces whose identity he in vain tries to recall. On a much smaller scale Meredith committed the same error. Who could assert positively which of the sisters Fleming is the heroine of *Rhoda Fleming*? For nearly two hundred pages at a stretch Rhoda scarcely appears. And more than once the author seems quite to forget that the little knave Algernon is not, after all, the hero of the story.

The second rule of design—perhaps in the main merely a different view, of the first—is that the interest must be maintained. It may increase, but it must never diminish. Here is that special aspect of design which we call construction, or plot. By interest I mean the interest of the story itself, and not the interest of the continual play of the author's mind on his material. In proportion as the interest of the story is maintained, the plot is a good one. In so far as it lapses, the plot is a bad one. There is no other criterion of good construction. Readers of a certain class are apt to call good the plot of that story in which "you can't tell what is going to happen next." But in some of the most tedious novels ever written you can't tell what is going to happen next—and you don't care a fig what is going to happen next. It would be nearer the mark to say that the plot is good when "you want to make sure what will happen next"! Good plots set you anxiously guessing what will happen next.

When the reader is misled—not intentionally in order to get an effect, but clumsily through amateurishness—then the construction is bad. This calamity does not often occur in fine novels, but in really good work another calamity does occur with far too much frequency—namely, the tantalising of the reader at a critical point by a purposeless, wanton, or negligent shifting of the interest from the major to the minor theme. A sad example of this infantile trick is to be found in the thirty-first chapter of *Rhoda Fleming*, wherein, well knowing that the reader is tingling for the

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interview between Roberts and Rhoda, the author, unable to control his own capricious and monstrous fancy for Algernon, devotes some sixteen pages to the young knave's vagaries with an illicit thousand pounds. That the sixteen pages are excessively brilliant does not a bit excuse the wilful unshapeliness of the book's design.

The Edwardian and Georgian out-and-out defenders of Victorian fiction are wont to argue that though the event-plot in sundry great novels may be loose and casual (that is to say, simply careless), the "idea-plot" is usually close-knit, coherent, and logical. I have never yet been able to comprehend how an idea-plot can exist independently of an event-plot (any more than how spirit can be conceived apart from matter); but assuming that an idea-plot can exist independently, and that the mysterious thing is superior in form to its coarse fellow, the event-plot (which I positively do not believe),—even then I still hold that sloppiness in the fabrication of the event-plot amounts to a grave iniquity. In this connection I have in mind, among English novels, chiefly the work of "Mark Rutherford," George Eliot, the Brontës, and Anthony Trollope.

The one other important rule in construction is that the plot should be kept throughout within the same convention. All plots—even those of our most sacred naturalistic contemporaries—are and must be a conventionalisation of life. We imagine we have arrived at a convention which is nearer to the truth of life than that of our forerunners. Perhaps we have—but so little nearer that the difference is scarcely appreciable! An aviator at midday may be nearer the sun than the motorist, but regarded as a portion of the entire journey to the sun, the aviator's progress upward can safely be ignored. No novelist has yet, or ever will, come within a hundred million miles of life itself. It is impossible for us to see how far we still are from life. The defects of a new convention disclose themselves late in its career. The notion that "naturalists" have at last lighted on a final formula which ensures truth to life is ridiculous. "Naturalist" is merely an epithet expressing self-satisfaction.

Similarly, the habit of deriding as "conventional" plots constructed in an earlier convention, is ridiculous. Under this head Dickens in particular has been assaulted;

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I have assaulted him myself. But within their convention, the plots of Dickens are excellent, and show little trace of amateurishness, and every sign of skilled accomplishment. And Dickens did not blunder out of one convention into another, as certain of ourselves undeniably do. Thomas Hardy, too, has been arraigned for the conventionalism of his plots. And yet Hardy happens to be one of the rare novelists who have evolved a new convention to suit their idiosyncrasy. Hardy's idiosyncrasy is a deep conviction of the whimsicality of the divine power, and again and again he has expressed this with a virtuosity of skill which ought to have put humility into the hearts of naturalists, but which has not done so. The plot of *The Woodlanders* is one of the most exquisite examples of subtle symbolic illustration of an idea that a writer of fiction ever achieved; it makes the symbolism of Ibsen seem crude. You may say that *The Woodlanders* could not have occurred in real life. No novel could have occurred in real life. The balance of probabilities is incalculably against any novel whatsoever; and rightly so. A convention is essential, and the duty of a novelist is to be true within his chosen convention, and not further. Most novelists still fail in this duty. Is there any reason, indeed, why we should be so vastly cleverer than our fathers? I do not think we are.

V

Leaving the seductive minor question of ornamentation, I come lastly to the question of getting the semblance of life on to the page before the eyes of the reader—the daily and hourly texture of existence. The novelist has selected his subject; he has drenched himself in his subject. He has laid down the main features of the design. The living embryo is there, and waits to be developed into full organic structure. Whence and how does the novelist obtain the vital tissue which must be his material? The answer is that he digs it out of himself. First-class fiction is, and must be, in the final resort autobiographical. What else should it be? The novelist may take notes of phenomena likely to be of use to him. And he may acquire the skill to invent very apposite illustrative incident. But he cannot invent psychology. Upon occasion some human being may

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entrust him with confidences extremely precious for his craft. But such windfalls are so rare as to be negligible. From outward symptoms he can guess something of the psychology of others. He can use a real person as the unrecognisable but helpful basis for each of his characters. . . . And all that is nothing. And all special research is nothing. When the real intimate work of creation has to be done, and it has to be done on every page, the novelist can only look within for effective aid. Almost solely by arranging and modifying what he has felt and seen, and scarcely at all by inventing, can he accomplish his end.

An inquiry into the career of any first-class novelist invariably reveals that his novels are full of autobiography. But as a fact, every good novel contains far more autobiography than any inquiry could reveal. Episodes, moods, characters of autobiography can be detected and traced to their origin by critical acumen, but the intimate autobiography that runs through each page, vitalising it, may not be detected. In dealing with each character in each episode the novelist must for a thousand convincing details interrogate that part of his own individuality which corresponds to the particular character. The foundation of his equipment is universal sympathy. And the result of this (or the cause—I don't know which) is that in his own individuality there is something of everybody. If he is a born novelist he is safe in asking himself, when in doubt as to the behaviour of a given personage at a given point: "Now, what should I have done?" And incorporating the answer! And this in practice is what he does. Good fiction is autobiography dressed in the colours of all mankind.

The necessarily autobiographical nature of fiction accounts for the creative repetition to which all novelists—including the most powerful—are reduced. They monotonously yield again and again to the strongest predilections of their own individuality. Again and again they think they are creating, by observation, a quite new character—and lo! when finished it is an old one—autobiographical psychology has triumphed! A novelist may achieve a reputation with only a single type, created and re-created in varying forms. And the very greatest do not contrive to create more than half a score genuine separate types. In Cerfberr and Christophe's biographical dic-

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tionary of the characters of Balzac, a tall volume of six hundred pages, there are some two thousand entries of different individuals, but probably fewer than a dozen genuine distinctive types. No creative artist ever repeated himself more brazenly or more successfully than Balzac. His miser, his vicious delightful actress, his vicious delightful duchess, his young man-about-town, his virtuous young man, his heroic weeping virgin, his angelic wife and mother, his poor relation, and his faithful stupid servant—each is continually popping up with a new name in the Human Comedy. A similar phenomenon, as Frank Harris has proved, is to be observed in Shakspeare. Hamlet of Denmark was only the last and greatest of a series of Hamlets.

It may be asked, finally: What of the actual process of handling the raw material dug out of existence and of the artist's self—the process of transmuting life into art? There is no process. That is to say, there is no conscious process. The convention chosen by an artist is his illusion of the truth. Consciously the artist only omits, selects, arranges. But let him beware of being false to his illusion, for then the process becomes conscious, and bad. This is sentimentality, which is the seed of death in his work. Every artist is tempted to sentimentalise, or to be cynical—practically the same thing. And when he falls to the temptation, the reader whispers in his heart, be it only for one instant: "That is not true to life." And in turn the reader's illusion of reality is impaired. Readers are divided into two classes—the enemies and the friends of the artist. The former, a legion, admire for a fortnight or a year. They hate an uncompromising struggle for the truth. They positively like the artist to fall to temptation. If he falls, they exclaim, "How sweet!" The latter are capable of savouring the fine unpleasantness of the struggle for truth. And when they whisper in their hearts: "That is not true to life," they are ashamed for the artist. They are few, very few; but a vigorous clan. It is they who confer immortality.

Our "Melancholy" Hymnal

By Prof. W. H. D. Rouse

It is a melancholy thing to read an English hymn-book. Doubtless for most of us sacred associations gather around the hymns we sing, so that we abandon ourselves to the feelings called up by these associations, and do not notice what we are singing. Yet if in a critical mood we examine them, we cannot but be overcome with melancholy. They are so well meant, and so badly expressed; so pious, and so ridiculous; they are sentimental when they should be impassioned, grovelling instead of penitent, incoherent when they ought to be simple. It is not true that great poets are irreligious; on the contrary, their glory it is to see a soul of goodness in things evil, and this is the essence of religion. Yet our hymns are obviously not written by poets. There is surely no reason why religion and illiteracy should be unequally yoked together; and it were better to sing no hymns at all than to sing trash.

A good hymn is subject to the same laws as any other literary composition. It is lyrical, the expression of a mood, whether that mood be suggested by a thought, an occasion, or a doctrine. It must not preach, or try to explain a doctrine, or put it into words. Unity it must have; and even when cast in the form of a prayer, a hymn must not merely enumerate things desired. There must be no self-consciousness or straining after effect. Moreover, as we are to sing them, hymns must be capable of being sung. Obvious enough, no doubt; yet most hymns violate these obvious and simple rules. Take as an example of a good hymn that noble prayer of Isaac Watts, beginning, "O God, our help in ages past." The mood here expressed is confidence: as God has helped His saints in the past, He is besought with complete confidence to protect the petitioner in the future. The whole theme is foreshadowed in the first two lines—"Our *help* in ages *past*, our *hope* for

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years *to come*." That God's defence is sure is proved by experience (verse 2), and our defender was before the hills in order stood, and will never change (verse 3). To God, a thousand ages are but an evening gone (verse 4), and the men who ask His help fly like a dream (verse 5). This God the singer prays to guard His people, and to be their refuge for ever (verse 6). The imagery is consistent and suitable. God's throne stands immovable, and His people dwell in its shadow, whilst Time like a river rolls by it carrying the lives of men. The first verse is wholly an address; and the last repeats the address, substituting in one line the prayer which is the substance of the hymn. The very repetition here adds to the effect, suggesting the unchangeableness of God. Only one line is open to criticism, the third—

Our shelter from the stormy blast—

which anticipates the second verse, and introduces an image which is not afterwards made use of. A similar analysis discloses unity of thought and expression in others. Cowper impresses his own faith amidst clouds and darkness by the exhortation beginning—

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

The analogy of day following night suggests a similar faith to George Gascoigne, who utters his simple praise as a morning hymn :

Ye that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east.
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise,
To heaven's almighty King.

Others which fulfil the requirement of unity, simply and consistently exprest, are, "All people that on earth do dwell," "Again as evening's shadow falls," "Ye holy angels bright."

Let us take first, as an example of incoherence of thought, a hymn which has been much admired :—

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Lord of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call:
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our hearts with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread abroad our Maker's fame;
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of love and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

What is the idea which suggested this hymn? The first verse prays the Almighty to listen to prayer and praise: two things already quite distinct, which require very different expression, and are not suitable for one lyric poem. Now let us see how the combination works out. Premising that the great Creator of all good has light, love, and life, the hymn asks for divine light, for daily food, and for heavenly blessing. Daily food, it will be observed, is here foisted in without excuse; and there can be little doubt that it was only suggested by the word "good" as a rhyme. Love comes in the next verse, with a new metaphor. It is no longer a blessing from a store, but a shoot to be grafted; the metaphor itself is not consistent, for you do not graft a shoot within the heart of a tree. The love, too, is so characterised as to suggest that love for our neighbour is not intended. The rest of this verse has nothing to do with prayer, but perhaps was meant to represent the praise; and here another new idea is introduced, "ere the day departs"—the first hint that the hymn is meant for any particular part of the day. And, it may be asked, what part is meant? The words suggest evening; but to spread *afar* our Maker's fame would need a longer

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time than the fag-end of the day. A fresh metaphor, "clothe," appears in the last line. The fourth verse leaves praise, and returns to prayer; more, it returns to the love already prayed for, and adds a new item, peace, which has not been mentioned at all. There is no prayer for life, although we were led to expect one. Next, death is suggested; and the Almighty is besought to call us to our home above when death comes. Again a fresh metaphor is used, and one very ill-chosen: for fountains cannot call. The accessories are as bad as the form. We have called attention to the metaphors, which are not only inappropriate, but are not even sustained through the length of a short sentence. Observe also the address. What is the difference between power and might? Why is the idea of God's fatherhood suggested, and then forgotten? What on earth is the meaning of the third line in this connection? It is quite clear that the phrase "Lord of power" first came into the writer's mind; that power suggested might; that might suggested night, and night day. A fifth-form schoolboy makes his Latin verses thus with a gradus, and makes better verses. There is absolutely no redeeming feature in the whole hymn; it is contemptible.

We pointed out in the last hymn that the idea of death was brought in without obvious reason; but the reason seems to be, a feeling that as the hymn is coming to an end, death will round it off nicely. The same thing is seen in other hymns, and may perhaps be taken as a sign of grace. So the authors do feel that a hymn should have some form, even though they do not know what literary form is. We may take a second example, which also exemplifies the faults we are considering. It appears to be a favourite hymn, as it is printed in several collections.

As Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and bless the new-born earth,
So give us now that Sabbath-rest, which makes Thy children free,
Free for the work of love to man, of thankfulness to Thee!

But in Thy worship, Father, O lift our souls above,
By holy Word, by prayer and hymn, by eucharistic love;
Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the earth which Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us up to God.

So lead us on to heaven, where in Thy presence blest
"The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,"
Where faith is lost in vision, where love hath no alloy,
And through eternity there flows the deepening stream of joy.

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To Thee, who giv'st us freedom, our Father and our King;
To Thee, the risen Lord of life, our ransomed spirits sing;
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and heaven, O Holy Ghost; to Thee
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal glory be.

This is a Sunday hymn. It begins, "As thou didst rest and bless," and should go on, "so may we rest and bless"; instead of which we read, "so give us rest," the blessing being forgotten already. If these words mean anything, the sense must be: "as truly as thou didst rest, *i.e.*, if it be true," then give us. This rest "makes thy children free"; the statement lacks point. Rest should make them strong, or refresh them; deliverance or effort makes free. The verse ends with a paradox, and a dark one too. The Sabbath rest makes men free for work, and that work is love and thankfulness. Do the words imply that this "work" is to be done on the Sabbath? If so, there is no rest, only a change of work. It cannot be that this work is to be done during the week. The Sabbath rest makes one free on the Sabbath. We come to the second verse. At once rest is forgotten, so is work, love, and thankfulness; and worship is introduced. The first word, But, implies a contrast. We are free to work as described, but in spite of love and thankfulness, lift our souls above. Do love and thankfulness, then, degrade our souls? We are to be uplifted by the services of the Church until the work of earth—that is, doubtless, of the six weekdays—becomes a silent prayer, to uplift us. We have left the present "Sabbath," then, on which we were to rest; for the process of uplifting is to go on for some time, for Sabbath after Sabbath, until our ordinary work is able to uplift us. We seem to end where we began, by the way; we are to be uplifted in order that we may be uplifted. The author does not even add "higher." Now comes the allusion to death, which is to round off the hymn. The metaphor changes from uplifting heavenward to leading along a path. The second line needs no comment. The third and fourth contain a fine phrase spoilt, and two new metaphors irreconcilable together. "Faith is lost in sight" is a fine phrase, but "vision" suggests at once unreality, the very opposite of what is intended: then love is a metal, and joy a stream. Surely the hymn might end here; not at all. We must have the doxology padded out with irrelevancies to fit the metre. Father and King have

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nothing to do with freedom, but rather with government; ransomed spirits is more appropriate to the departed than to those on earth; "thou fillest the Church" is unintelligible; warfare and victory has nothing whatever to do with Sabbath rest.

If the reader will examine other hymns in this fashion, he will be amazed to find how many of them are mere incoherent babbling. Many which are not so bad as those we have discussed, are yet nothing but catalogues of thoughts. Some have half a dozen verses all of a model; as "This is the day of rest, this is the day of joy," and so on through the whole list of the virtues or blessings. The doxology is a godsend to such hymns; this, or an allusion to death, is the only possible way to end them, else they might go on from here to Mesopotamia. In others there is repetition of the same idea with hardly a change. One hymn begins with the two verses following:—(1) The day is over, grant that the night may be sinless. (2) The joys of day are over; grant that the night may be offenceless. What banality! Here again is a verse which could hardly be surpassed:—

O help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth we live.

The word help is repeated, the idea is expressed thrice; "each hour" is twice said; the whole thought of the stanza is contained in the first line, and the expansions of the other three are an insult to the intelligence. The rest of the hymn is of like doggerel. It would be only too easy to multiply examples of these childish devices. It is unlucky that piety seems so fond also of mixing metaphors; so that a voice is spurned, the Deity is at once a rock and a creature with wings, a stream, a support, a covering. Bonar makes a staff and buckler guide, Keble compares the Holy Dove to a gale; even an accomplished scholar like Stanley fills his verses with senseless padding and vulgar tags, and appears to be amply satisfied.

When we leave the poetic form and look at the substance, we observe that a large number of hymns are only sermonettes in disguise. Isaac Williams, reputed no mean singer in his own country, explains the theory of Jewish

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sacrifice; Alford sets forth the surprising theory that the least of all who attend his church is greater than John the Baptist; Gaskell preaches on the importance of humble work; one whose name we forbear to mention expects all men to take up the cross, in a composition of which it is hard to say whether substance or rhythm is more objectionable. One verse will suffice as an example:—

Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

"'Twill" is good; but the rest, how debased, a ridiculous muddle as usual, and said in the tone of the fat, comfortable Pharisee. And the maudlin sentiment, the insincerity of some hymns is appalling. And how confident they are in the ignorance of those who shall sing them! Who but a hymn-writer would dare to talk of the angels walking about on a starry floor? With such glaring faults as those we have indicated, one more or less does not matter; and we have only to add that modern hymns cannot be sung, because they are conceived not as groups of sounds but as strings of printed letters; accents and long notes are coupled with prepositions and words of no account; and sounds which ought to be long are made short. Who could sing, for example, the creaking line—

The inestimable treasure of a soul that ever lives.

We plead, then, for a thorough sifting of our hymns. Let it be understood that if to write a hymn be the ambition of every pious man, it is his duty as an honest man, when written, to burn it. From the poets we can get enough hymns of good quality to meet all necessities. Milton, Ken, and Cowper will furnish the first selection; a few can be had in Tennyson, Whittier, and Longfellow; the versions of the Psalms provide a few more; Isaac Watts has a dozen good ones; and for all rigid exclusion of the mediocre, a certain number of others may be found amongst the rubbish of Hymns Ancient and Modern and the other numerous collections. Lastly, let the old poets be searched, and it will turn out that not only Campion and Herrick, but several others will enrich our book with gems which have never yet been seen in this setting.

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Educated congregations may add a few of the best Latin hymns. The result will be a good book; if it is not *μέγα βιβλίον*, it will at least not be *μέγα κακόν*.

What we have said is sure to give pain to many devout souls. That is to be regretted, but it cannot be helped. There is no reason why the whole people should suffer for one; and it is impossible that the people should without suffering be taught to associate their holiest feelings with detestable doggerel and insincere sentimentality.

The Man with Two Mouths

By F. Tennyson Jesse

ON a grey day a girl was walking along a crescent of sand that curved at the cliff's base. As she went the water welled up in the slanting hollows left by her feet, and the fat, evil-looking leaves of the cliff plants glistened with spray-moisture; even the swollen fingers of the marsh samphire, that all seemed to point at the girl as she passed, each bore a tremulous drop at the tip. At the end of the little beach the girl paused, and then turned to look out to sea, balancing herself on a slab of wet shiny granite, where the cone-shaped shellfish clustered and from which the long green weed floated out and in on the heave of the tide. The girl held back the red hair that whipped about her forehead and stared from under an arched palm.

"Tes naught but a plaguey dolphin, d'believe," she muttered, yet still stayed for one more glimpse of the dark thing that was bobbing up through the curdling foam-pattern. A stinging scatter of spray blew into her eyes, blinding her, and when she looked again the dark thing had come nearer, and she saw it to be the body of a man caught in the ratlines of some shrouds that the sea's action had lapped around the mast they had once supported. Were it not that his chin was hitched over the ratlines, so that he was borne along with his face—a pale blot among the paler blots of the foam—upturned, he would doubtless have sunk, for he was not lashed to the mast in any way. A huge foam patch had formed in the web made by the tangled shrouds, so that his head and shoulders showed clearly against the creaming halo, on which his long hair, dark with wet and released from its queue, lay streaked away from his tilted face. The girl called to him twice in her strong, rough voice; then, since even if he still lived he was past any consciousness of doing so, she kept her

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energies for the saving of him. Wading in as deep as she dared—not more than up to her hips, for even then the heave and suction of the water threatened to knock her off her feet—she clung on to a ridge of rock with one hand, and, leaning forward, made snatches at the spar whenever it surged towards her. To her dismay she saw that with every heave his legs must be catching against some rocks, for his head began to sink away from the supporting rat-lines, and when at last she caught one end of the spar she only succeeded in drawing it away from him. His head disappeared; for a moment the dark hole in the midst of the foam-circle held, then broke and was overrun as the whiteness closed upon it. The next minute a surge of undercurrent brought him knocking against her legs; she just managed to hold on with one hand while with the other she plunged down at him. Her fingers met the cold sleekness of his face, then caught in his tangled hair, and, drawing herself up backwards against the rock-ledges, she pulled him with her, step by step. A few moments more, and she had staggered up the narrow strip of beach with her burden dragging from her arms. Tumbling him along the drier sand at the cliff's foot, she knelt beside him, and with hands trembling from the strain that had been put upon the muscles, she pulled apart the clinging shirt, that was so sodden it seemed to peel from off him. She felt at his heart, then laid her ear to the pale, glistening chest where the dark hair was matted to a point between the breasts; she beat that pale chest with her hand, and at last saw the faint red respond to the blows of her fingers. On that much of hope she desisted, seemed to hesitate, then half-hauling him up by a hand beneath each shoulder, she began dragging him towards where the cliff curved outwards again to the sea. At a point some three or four feet from the ground the cliff overhung so that it was possible to imagine smuggling beneath it at low tide, though a curtain of the glossy spleen-wort fern hung down so thickly it was difficult to tell. Going upon her knees, the girl crawled backwards under the dripping dark green fringe, and pulled the man in after her. Within, a tunnel in which it was soon possible to walk upright led at a gradual incline up to what was apparently the heart of the cliff, which here was honeycombed into those smugglers' caves of

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the West of which even now all the secrets are not known. Up this incline she got herself and him, and at last dragged him triumphantly into the big cave where she and her father, Bendigo Keast, stored the smuggled goods in which they traded so successfully. It was very dark, but with accustomed hands she felt for the small iron box in which the flint and tinder were kept; soon a tiny flame sprang to life, and she passed it on to a wick that floated limply in a little cup of stinking fish-oil on the floor. In the mere breath of light thus given the rows of stacked barrels loomed dimly, the outermost curve of each gleaming faintly, while between them the shadow lay banded.

Thomasin Keast ran some brandy from a little keg near into her palm and tilted it between the man's teeth, then slopped the raw spirit over his shirt, drenching it again. Then—not stripping him, for the modesty of a Cornish woman, who thinks shame to show even her feet, prevented that—she filled her hands with brandy and ran them in under his clothes, rubbing tirelessly up and down till the flesh began to dry and tingle. Around his reddened neck, where the soft young beard merged into wet curls, she rubbed; over his shoulders, where the big pectoral muscles came swelling past his armpits like a cape, then down the serried ribs that she could knead the supple flesh around, past the curve-in of the whole body beneath them, to the gracious slimness of the flanks and the nervous indentation of the groins between the trunk and the springing arches of the thighs. So Thomasin knelt in the gloom of the cave, and all the time that his life was coming painfully and reluctantly back to him under her strong, glowing hands, she felt as though some presage of new life were flowing into herself. The old saw has it that the saving of a drowning man brings ill-luck to his rescuer; but Thomasin, as she watched grow in his features that intangible something which makes the face human instead of a mere mask, scorned the superstition; and still more she scorned it as her urgent hands felt the rising beat of his pulses and arteries. For during that time his hidden form became so known to her that his every curve and muscle, the very feel of the strong-growing hair upon him softening into down as his skin dried, all impressed themselves clearly on her

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memory for ever, and she felt him hers—hers by right of discovery as well as right of salvage.

Thomasin Keast and her father lived in a little four-square cottage set about half a mile from the headland—a half-mile of thorn and bracken, of tumbled boulders and wedges of furze almost as solid. Here in the spring the yellow-hammer and the linnet, the stonechat and the whinchat, shrilled their first notes, and at dawn the greybird thrust a thirsty beak into the dewy blackthorn blossoms; here the dun-coloured rabbits darted in and out of their burrows with a gleam of white scuts. Here, too, Keast and his daughter herded the moorland ponies, that, well-soaped, were loaded with the barrels of spirit and packets of lace which had been brought from France at dark of the moon. The cottage was of rough grey granite, with a roof crusted with yellow stonecrop that looked as though it had been spilled molten over the slates. On either side of the door a great wind-buttress, reaching to the eaves, swept out like a sheltering wing.

This was the place to which Thomasin Keast brought her man on that stormy evening. Dusk was already making the air deeply, softly blue, and through it the whitewashed lintel gleamed out almost as clearly as the phosphorescent fish nailed against the wall. Half-leading, half-supporting him, Thomasin steered the stranger between the buttresses and through the narrow doorway into the living-room. A peat fire glowed on the hearth, and against it the figure of a crouching man showed dark. At the noise in the doorway he thrust an armful of furze on to the fire, and the quick crackling flare that followed threw a reflection like the flashing of summer lightning over the whitewashed walls, sending the shadows scurrying into the corners and revealing the man whose big hand, ridged with raised veins that ran up to the wrist, was still upon the furze-stem.

Bendigo Keast was not long past his prime of strength, and could still have out-wrestled many a younger man. Through his jersey the working of his enormous shoulders showed as plainly as those of a cat beneath her close fur, and under his chin the reddish beard could not hide the knots of his powerful throat. His eyes, blue and

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extraordinarily alert, were half-hidden by the purpled lids, and the massive folds of his cheeks that came down in a furrow on either side of his slightly incurved mouth looked hard as iron. Like most seamen when within doors, he was in his stockings, and as he rose and his bulk swayed forward his feet broadened a little and gripped at the uneven flagstones like those of a great ape.

Thomasin spoke first.

"Tes a man I found drownen', da," she said, and in her voice uneasiness mingled with a readiness for defiance. "He'm most dead wi salt water, and cold. Us must get en to the bed to wance. Da . . ."

"Where did ee find en?" asked Bendigo Keast, without moving.

"To cove."

"Did a see aught?"

"How should a, and him nigh drowned?" evaded Thomasin; then, as the stranger sank on to the settle and let his wet brown head fall limply back against it, she went over to a crock of milk that stood in the window-sill and poured some into a saucepan.

"Get en to the bed, da," she said more sharply. "I'll see to your supper. He must have nawthen but milk for the night."

Bendigo came forward, and, swinging his long arms round the man, carried him off up the stairs that led from the living-room into the first of the two tiny bedrooms. He soon came down again.

"Tell me how tes a smells of brandy?" he demanded.

"I rubbed en down wi' et to put life into en," Thomasin spoke quietly, but the sound of her stirring spoon grew less rhythmical.

"Then a did see?"

"Da, listen to me," said Thomasin, turning round. "S'pose a did see, what then? He'm naught but a foreigner from up-country, and wouldn't know to give we away. And—s'posen he'm minded to stay by us—well, you d'knew we'm needing another hand. We must find one somewhere, and there's none o' the chaps to the church-town would come in wi' us, because us have allus stood by oursel' and made our own profits. But now Dan's dead, you d'knew as well's I us must get another

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hand to help in the *Merrymaid*. If you wern't so strong and I as good as a man, it would ha' needed four of us to ha' run her."

"How can us know whether to trust en?" asked Bendigo, suspiciously. "Tes bad luck to save a man from the sea, they do say."

"Don't decide nawthen tell you've talked wi' en," advised Thomasin. "May be the poor chap was too mazed to take notice o' what he saw. Us'll know to-morrow."

And next day the rescued man was sitting by the hearth, somewhat stiff from bruises, but otherwise with his wiry frame none the worse. His looks had strikingly improved, for now that the soft beard, which had never known a razor, was dry, it peaked forward a little, whereas when wet it had clung to his too narrow jaw and revealed a lax line of chin.

His story was soon told—the brig on which he was mate had been returning from France when a squall overtook her, and she became a total wreck. He had clung to the floating spar for several hours before losing consciousness, when the tangled ratlines had borne him up and the tide had swept him into the shoreward current which set round the headland.

"And the first thing I knew," he ended, "was your face, mistress, bending over me in your cave. . . ."

Keast shot a glance at his daughter. They had exchanged looks before, at the man's mention of France, and now Bendigo flung a few veiled phrases, with here and there a cant term common to smugglers, at his guest, who understood him perfectly, and himself became entirely frank. His name, he said, was Robin Start, and that there was mixed blood in him he admitted. A more gracious race showed itself in his quick turns of wrist and eye, his ease of phrase, in his ready gallantry towards Thomasin. Yes, said Robin Start, his mother was a Frenchwoman, and had taught him her tongue—a fact he found useful in his dealings on the other side of the Channel.

A bargain is an intricate and subtle thing in Cornwall, a thing of innuendoes and reservations, and the one Bendigo Keast struck with the stranger was not without subtleties on both sides. Robin Start had quite understood all he had seen in the cave, and had made a mental note

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of the way out, which gave him a hold over Bendigo. On the other hand, Robin, who suffered paroxysms of craving for safety in the intervals of delighting in danger, knew it was safer to come in with Bendigo and make something for himself smuggling than it would be for him to think of escaping from that muscular father and daughter if he declined. As for Keast, it was true that since his nephew Dan had been knocked on the head by a swing of the boom, he needed someone to take the lad's place. A bottle of smuggled rum sealed the bargain, and then, for the first time in her life, Thomasin was talked to as a woman. To her father a partner; a mere fellow-man to the dark, silent Daniel who now lay in the lap of the tides; shunned by the envious villagers, and looked at askance by the Government men, Thomasin had never known of the sphere which began to be revealed to her that evening. For one thing, she was plain, though in certain lights or effects of wind she looked fine enough in a high-boned, rock-hewn way. She was what is called in that part of the world a "red-headed Dane," and her broad, strongly-modelled face was thickly powdered with freckles. Though she was only twenty-two, hundreds of nights of exposure to wind and wet had roughened her skin, but at the opening of her bodice, where a hint of collar-bones showed like a bar beneath the firm flesh, her skin was privet-white. The slim, brown-haired Robin with his quick eyes was a contrast in looks and manners to anyone she had ever met, and mingled with her awe and wonder of him was the fierce sense of possession that had entered into her when she passed her hands over and over him in the cave. Also she felt maternal towards him, because, though he must have been nigh upon thirty, he was one of those men who have a quality of appeal.

It was a stormy autumn that year, and little was possible in the way of business; but for Thomasin, who up till now had lived so whole-heartedly for her partnership with her father, it became that time of which at least the mirage appears to everyone once in life. For her happiness she and Robin repainted her other love, the *Merry-maid*, together; giving her a new black coat and a white ribbon, and changing the green of her upright stem to blue. The *Merrymaid* was constantly adopting little disguises of

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the sort, running sometimes under barked sails, sometimes under white, and alternating between a jib and a gaff-topsail with a square head. Then in the long winter evenings the Keasts and Robin would sit by the fire, Bendigo pulling at his clay pipe, and Thomasin knitting a perpetual grey stocking—surely as innocent and law-abiding an interior as could have been found!—while Robin told them tales of all he had seen and done. Bendigo now and then gave a grunt that might have been of dissent, interest, or merely of incipient sleep, but Thomasin sat enthralled by the soft tones that to her mind could have lured a bird from the egg. Robin told of the thick yellow sea towards the north of China, so distinct from the blue sea around that it looked more like a vast shoal of sand, stretching for mile upon mile. He told, too, of the reddish dust, fine as mist, which once fell for days over his ship when he was far out at sea; it fell until the decks seemed like a dry soft beach, and lungs and eyes and at last their very souls seemed filled with it. His captain said it was blown along the upper air all the way from the Mongolian plains, but he himself thought it came from Japan, that country of volcanoes. Thomasin's ideas of volcanoes were derived from a broadside she had once seen which represented Vesuvius apparently on fire from the base, but she felt sure the mysterious sand was of the devil, and must come from somewhere hot.

So Robin talked and Thomasin listened, and with the coming of spring new portents woke in her blood and stirred the air. Robin began to slip his hand up her arm when he stood beside her in the shadow of the wind-buttresses, and when they went down to the caves he would make opportunities to press against her in the passages. The sheer animal magnetism of the girl allured him, and he found her crude and hitherto fierce aloofness going to his head. Though frequently now he felt a sudden passion of distaste for the physical strength of this father and daughter sweep over him, yet would come another passion, waked by the wonder of it that still lay in Thomasin's eyes—and he would think of what a pleasure was at his hand in Thomasin's potentialities for passion and the freshness of her. . . .

She herself was reluctant yet, for all her hot blood and

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untrained nature, partly because of the ingrained suspicion of soft things her upbringing had engendered, partly because of the eternal instinct which prompts withdrawal for the purpose of luring on. But in her heart she knew—she knew when the spring was on the cliffs, and he and she lay on the thymy grass watching for the fish-shoals; when around Robin's turf-pillowed head the rose-specked, flesh-hued cups of the sea-milkwort stood up brimming with the jewelled air as with a divine nectar; when among the cushions of silvery lichen and grey-green moss the scented gorse flung a riot of yellow, and the mating birds answered each other on a note like secret laughter. Then Thomasin would sometimes close her eyes for the happiness she dared not yet acknowledge; yet those days of soft joy and beauty were as nothing to the night of hard work and danger that finally brought her surging blood to acknowledge him as lord—that night when all the dominant male in him was of necessity stung to the surface by danger.

They were running a cargo of thirty barrels over from France—he, she, and her father. The *Merrymaid*, which was sloop-rigged and of about twenty tons burden, was quite enough for the three to handle, laden as she was with the corded tubs slung together with the stones already attached; for it was proposed to sink the cargo and then run on to harbour openly, a thing frequently done when the Preventive men were known to be on the watch. Robin was suffering from one of his nerve-revulsions; he dared show no sign of it, but as he sat in the bows, keeping a look-out through the darkness, he told himself that if this trip were brought off in safety it would be the last as far as he was concerned. He could stand the portentous figure of Bendigo looming at him through the little cottage no more, and he knew what to do. . . . As for Thomasin, he would not lose her—a woman surely sticks by her man. And if not, she would never harm him; and there were other women in the world—for the appeal Thomasin had for him was of sex, and not of personality.

Thomasin sat with her arm along the tiller, keeping the *Merrymaid* on a nor'-nor'-west course so as to make the Lizard light. They were running under their foresail and close-reefed mainsail only, for the south-west wind for which they had waited was swelling to storm-fury. The

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Merrymaid lay right over, the water scolding past her dipping gunwale and the clots of spindrift that whirled over the side gleaming like snowflakes in the darkness, which was of that intense quality which becomes vibrant to long staring. Robin, straining his eyes, was only aware of the danger when they were almost on it, but his voice shrieked out on the instant to Thomasin: "Hard-a-port!" and again, in a desperate hurry of sound, "Hard-a-port!"

Thomasin jambed the helm up as Bendigo, with the agility of long use to sudden danger, eased off the sheets; and then Thomasin could see what menaced them. A Preventive boat, like themselves with no light save the wretched glimmer over the compass, had been lying to under her mizzen, and already her men were making sail. Thomasin sat gripping the tiller while the voices of her menfolk came to her ears.

"The topsail!" shouted Robin; but Bendigo's voice made answer: "Not till us has to—it might rip mast off in this gale. Try the jib. . . ."

They set the jib and shook out the reefs in the main-sail, and the *Merrymaid* answered to it like a racehorse to the whip. She quivered all her length, the tiller pushed like a sentient thing against Thomasin's palm, and they went reeling on.

For nearly an hour they ran before the wind, helped by the flood-tide, and all the time the Preventive boat was slowly gaining on them, for she was carrying a larger stretch of canvas. She was nearly upon them when the sound of breaking surf told that they were nearing the Manacles, and the tide was still fairly low. Suddenly Robin's voice came again, this time with a thrill in it: "Now's our chance!" he called. "We'll hoist the topsail and make a run for it inside of the Manacles."

He was at the mast as he spoke, and Thomasin heard the thin scream of the unhoisted sheave as the topsail halliards ran through it. The next moment the mast creaked and bent; the almost useless jib slackened as the other sails took all of the wind, and the *Merrymaid* shook her nose and plunged into the broken water that gleamed between the blackness of the mainland and the Manacles.

"They'll never dare follow!" cried Bendigo; and even as he did so, the Preventive boat, trusting to her superior

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speed to make good, began to come round to the wind so as to pass the Manacles on the outer side. The added strain proved too much, and her mast snapped with a report like a gunshot—the one clean, sharp sound through all that flurry of rushing, edgeless noise, and it told its own tale to the eager ears on the *Merrymaid*. She, under the influence of the topsail, was burying her bows at every plunge, and Thomasin knew, by the sudden cessation of the tiller's tug, that the rudder had lifted clear of the racing water, only to drive into it again with a blow that sent her reeling. Thomasin's fight with the boat she loved began in real earnest. Yawing stubbornly, the *Merrymaid* pulled against the tiller so that the rough wood seemed to burn into Thomasin's flesh, so hard she had to grip it to keep the boat's head from going up into the wind.

With the breath failing in her throat, she had none left to cry for help; she could only wrestle with the tiller, which, all the weight of the yawing *Merrymaid* against it, seemed about to crush her.

Then hands came over hers in the darkness, and even at that moment her flesh knew Robin's.

"Tell me if I make a mistake; you know this hell-pool better than me," he called to her through the noise of the surf; and, with an easing of the muscles so exquisite as to be almost a pain in itself, she felt him absorb the weight of the boat into his grip. With the lifting of that strain from her shoulders and arms came the realisation of how mercilessly his hands were grinding hers against the tiller, yet that pain sent the first tremor of unadulterated passion through her that she had ever felt, because it was the first time he had hurt her. There was no need for her to call directions to him—he and she were so welded in one at the tiller that the unconscious pull of her arm beneath his told him, in his state of receptive tension, what to do more surely than any words. That was their true mating—not what followed after—but there in the stern of the reeling *Merrymaid*; for all that was least calculated and finest in Robin had leapt to the need of it, and their consciousness was fused as completely in the fight for life as the pain in their hands was at the tiller.

They were through—through and safe, and five minutes more saw them round the point and in the calmer water.

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where they slipped the cargo, and soon after they had made the harbour under easy sail, innocent of contraband from stem to stern.

All danger over, Thomasin felt oddly faint, and let her father go on ahead across the moor while she hung heavily on Robin's arm, her numbed hands slowly tingling back to life as they went. Arrived at the cottage, a faint light, that went out even as they looked, told of Bendigo's entry, and Robin set the lantern he carried on the flagstones between the buttresses. Thomasin leant back against one of them, and the dim light, flickering upwards, softened her marked bones and brightened her eyes. Every defect of skin was hidden; it showed pale, and her mouth velvet dark upon it. Robin's lips fastened on her throat below her ear and stayed there till she stirred and gave a little cry, then his mouth moved on and up till it found hers. The kiss deepened between them; his head bent, hers upstretched. Time stayed still for one moment, during which she wanted nothing further—she was not conscious of the ground beneath her or the pain in her back-tilted neck, not even of his supporting arms or the throbbing of him against her—all her being was fused at the lips, and she felt as though hanging in space from his mouth alone.

Robin Start waited till the cargo had been safely run and sold, and then he went across the moor to the village and made a compact with the Preventive men. The excitement of that night had had its usual way with him, and he wished never to meet danger again as long as he lived. He was suffering from a somewhat similar revulsion as regarded Thomasin, though there he knew the old allure would raise its head again for him. Bendigo's suspicious guard of him had relaxed, partly because the elder man admitted that it was Robin's nerve which had planned the dash that saved them, partly because he guessed how it was with his daughter, and thought Robin safely theirs. . . . And Robin had at last done that which had been in his mind ever since the beginning, and had sold the secret of the caves to his Majesty's Government. Nervous of being overheard in the village inn, Robin took the two head men with him over the moor to the headland, safe in the knowledge that Bendigo was drinking heavily in the

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cottage—the way in which he always rewarded himself for a successful run. Robin showed the men the cunningly-hidden entrances to the passages, and then for a few minutes they all three stood making their final arrangements. Robin found it wonderfully simple, the step once taken. It was agreed that the officers of the law were to surround the cottage that night after its inmates were abed, all save Robin, who was to be sitting in the kitchen ready to open the door. No harm was to be done to the girl—and, indeed, the Preventive men knew enough of Cornish juries to know that Bendigo Keast himself would get an acquittal; but his claws would be drawn, which was all they wanted. Robin, unaware of this peculiarity of a Cornish jury, would have been considerably alarmed had he known of it. Bendigo free to revenge himself had not entered into the scheme of the man from up-country, where the law was a less individual matter.

“At ten o’clock, then, my man,” were the last words of the Preventive officer; but he added to his companion as they walked away: “The dirty double-mouth!” and the distaste of the official for the necessary informer was in his voice. “At ten o’clock,” echoed Robin, and then was aware of a quick rustling behind him—much the noise that a big adder makes as it heaves its way through a dry tuft of grass. The sun was already setting, and the glamorous light made vision uncertain, yet Robin thought he saw a movement of the gorse more than the breeze warranted. The bush in question was one of those which concealed an opening to the caves, and Robin pulled it aside and peered into the darkness. Silence and stillness rewarded him, and he swung his legs over and descended a little way. All was quiet and empty in that passage; he turned into another—that, too, was innocent of any presence save his. He went up through that exit, and, still uneasy, stared across the moor. If anyone—if by any chance Thomasin had been in the passage, she could have slipped out that way while he was entering by the other, and be out of sight by now. . . . The sweat sprang onto Robin’s brow. Then he took counsel with himself. There was no reason why Thomasin should be at the caves; nothing was doing there. It would be the most unlikely thing on earth, because neither she nor her father ever ran the unnecessary risk of

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going there between the cargoes. Robin knew this, and felt reassured—how, after all, could he imagine that Thomasin, sick at the reaction she felt in him, might have gone to re-gather force at the place where she had first felt him hers? . . . He thought over what he had said, and took still more heart when he remembered he had not said a word that showed a light holding of Thomasin; and that, he told himself, was the only thing a woman could not forgive. He felt it safe to count on passion as against the habit of a mere business partnership, which was all her relationship with her father had ever been. Dimly Robin was aware that all her spiritual life had gone into that partnership, into the feeling of her family against the world that had become an obsession with her until he had brought another interest into her life; but Robin Start would not have believed an angel from heaven who had told him that the habit of years could be stronger with a woman than a new passion. And, as regarded most women, Robin would probably have been right. Besides, it was impossible that anyone could have been there, and Thomasin was his. . . . He gave himself a little shake and set off to the cottage, and such was the force of his revulsion against a life of dangers and the sinister suggestiveness of the Keasts' muscular superiority, that he felt his heart lighter than it had been for months past. He was even pleasurable, though subconsciously, aware of the poignant beauty of the evening, and noted the rich shrilling of a thrush from the alders by the stream. It was one of those evenings when, for a few minutes, the light holds a peculiarly rosy quality that refracts from each sharply-angled surface of leaf or curved grass-blade; steeps even the shadows with wine-colour, and imparts a reddish purple to every woody shoot, from the trunks of trees to the stray twigs of thorn piercing the turf. Wine-coloured showed the stems of the alders, the lines of blackthorn hedges, the distant drifts of elms whose branches were still only faintly misted with buds. Beneath Robin's feet the purple self-heal and the yellow red-tipped blossoms of the bird's-foot trefoil borrowed of the flushed radiance till they seemed as though burning up through the ardent grass, and on the alders the catkins gleamed like still thin flakes of fire. The whole world for a few magic moments was lapped in an unharmed flame

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that had glow without heat, and through the gentle glory of it Robin went home.

At ten o'clock that night, with no lanterns to betray them, half-a-dozen Preventive men, followed by several of the leading men in the village, who had got wind of the affair and were eager to see the self-sufficient Keasts brought to book, all came up over the moor through the darkness. No light showed in the cottage as they neared it, but that was merely because the buttress, sweeping at right angles to the window, obscured it from the approach. The buttress once rounded, the men saw the light shining as Robin Start had promised. The officer motioned the others to stay quiet, and then—he was a mere lad, and eager to be in the first of everything—he tiptoed to the window and peered through.

Robin Start was sitting quietly in the armchair, a candle burning on the stool beside him. There was nothing alarming in that, yet the next moment the boy at the window stepped back with a great cry.

"He's got two mouths!" he shrieked. "He's got two mouths!"

Far out on the dark Channel father and daughter were drawing away in the *Merrymaid*, the rising wind and some other urgent thing at their backs, but the sense of justice done as their solace.

And in the cottage, his wrists tightly roped to the arms of the chair and his silky beard shaved away, sat Robin Start. The footlight effect of the candle eliminated all shadow under his sloping chin, making it seem one with his throat, and that was cut from ear to ear. For the only thing on which he had not calculated was that before such treachery as his, passion dropped like a shot bird.

The candle flame flared up as the last of the tallow ran in a pool round the yielding wick, and for one distorted moment the edges of the slit throat flickered to the semblance of a smile. Then the flame reeled and sank, and, spark by spark, the red of the glowing wick died into the darkness.

Spontaneous Generation: Its Reality and what it Implies

By H. Charlton Bastian

SOME of us can remember the storm of opposition which for several years followed the publication in 1859 of Darwin's epoch-making work, *The Origin of Species*. An absolutely new view was proclaimed therein altogether opposed to that which the orthodox world of Science had almost uniformly accepted; and this orthodox world is apt to cling to its old beliefs with just as much tenacity as do those who are, on the whole, less habituated to shape their beliefs in accordance with the weight of evidence.

Yet ultimately that work had an enormous influence in leading to the gradual acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution by men of science. The efficacy of "Natural Selection," great as it undoubtedly is and has been, as one of the means of bringing about through the ages the continued appearance of new species of animals and plants, is based upon many various considerations, and, by reason of this fact, is quite incapable of being submitted to any direct experimental proof. In this respect it is, therefore, altogether different from the problem which we are about to consider. The reality of the present occurrence of spontaneous generation is, however, just as generally repudiated now as was the notion, previous to the work of Darwin and Wallace, that species were mutable and not the result, in each case, of some special Creation.

The Doctrine of Evolution necessarily starts with a belief, as a mere postulate, that some of the simplest forms of living matter must have originally come into being upon the cooling surface of our Earth by purely natural causes; that there was no special Creation; that physico-chemical processes achieved the result—in other words, that so-

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called spontaneous generation, at all events, must have occurred then.

Our solar system is admitted to be but as a grain of sand in relation to the universe as a whole, in which, Simon Newcomb and other astronomers tell us, there may be hundreds or even thousands of planets circling round other of the multitudinous suns at stages in their history similar to that of our Earth either when it first or subsequently became fit for the development of life thereon. Percival Lowell's fascinating work, *The Evolution of Worlds*, tells us much concerning the stages that have to be gone through in order that such processes should be at all possible.

Throughout the Universe the spectroscope reveals identity of matter, and, as we know, different modes of energy are similarly present. F. Soddy says: "In the most distant stars the same elements exist as here, and the periods of the vibrations which cause them to emit light are identical with those of their terrestrial representatives." While, as Lockyer tells us, the elements are found in gradually increasing numbers and atomic complexity "as we come down from the hottest stars to the cooler ones"—facts assuredly of the utmost significance in reference to "inorganic" evolution, which must everywhere have been the forerunner of "organic" evolution. The birth of elements comes first, the birth of organisms much later.

It thus seems clear that the problem of the origin of life upon our Earth can only be regarded as pertaining to one small phase of the life-evolving processes that have probably been going on for ages throughout the Universe in multitudes of other planets. Evolution implies continuity and uniformity. It teaches us to look upon events of all kinds as the products of continually operating causes: it recognises no sudden breaks or causeless stoppages in the sequence of natural phenomena. In the absence of a belief in uniformity we could neither fathom the past nor illumine the future.

The time will doubtless come when it will seem incredible that leading scientific men should during two-thirds of the last century have been content to think that natural processes gave rise to the birth of living matter only in the very remote past, and that this process had not

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been continually repeated. Of course, Buffon, Lamarck, and other of the earlier philosophic naturalists, professed no such narrow views. Darwin did not even proclaim his belief in the *de novo* origin of the few living forms which he postulated as the commencement of life upon the earth. And though in 1868 G. H. Lewes ventured to say, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, that it was "consistent with the hypothesis of Evolution to admit a variety of origins or starting-points," I know of no prominent naturalist who in this country expressed any such belief. I was the unorthodox person here who, in 1872, expressed views in this respect similar to those of Haeckel and Nägeli: to the effect that spontaneous generation was still occurring, and had been a continually recurring process through the ages.

No such belief was ever expressed by Herbert Spencer, by Huxley, or by Tyndall, and certainly not by Pasteur, to whom even a belief in the original process would almost certainly have been repudiated—though this was postulated by each of the other three.

It was indeed the influence of the writings of these four scientists which, in the main, led in this country to the rejection of the supposition of any present occurrence of spontaneous generation. Yet of these neither Spencer nor Huxley ever published any experiments bearing on the question. The experiments of Pasteur on this particular subject were of a comparatively limited order, and to a large extent made with unfavourable media; while those of Tyndall led to the most contradictory results (see my *Evolution of Life*, 1907, pp. 211-228). Moreover, the experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall, as well as those of previous experimenters and my own during this period, were made with various solutions of organic matter.

The reader may well ask: Why should a belief in spontaneous generation have been so persistently rejected in modern times? One principal reason is to be found in the fact that from ancient times even up to the first third of the last century the doctrine had been erroneously supposed to apply even to higher forms of life, till it was conclusively shown that, if it applied at all, it could only apply, as might have been expected, to some of the very lowest forms of life. But, as we shall see later on, spon-

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taneous generation may be taking place all around us, and yet the initial steps of the process are such that they could never come within the observation of anyone.*

Processes that were invisible were believed, therefore, not to exist, and this negative view was further supposed to be rendered more reasonable by the assumption that there might have been, and probably were, some conditions existing at the time of the first appearance of life more favourable than those prevailing at the present day. Added to this, there was the invincible belief on the part of many that Life could not possibly have appeared otherwise than by an act of Special Creation; or else the desire to shunt the question, so far as this Earth was concerned, by supposing, with Lord Kelvin and others, that life came to us "on a moss-grown fragment from another world"—a futile supposition which has since been shown, for more reasons than one, to be absolutely untenable.

As I have said, all early experiments had been made with organic infusions of one or other kind. It was objected to these by Herbert Spencer, and also by Weismann, that such experiments could never be conclusive. Thus, the latter said, in order to prove the occurrence of spontaneous generation, "it would be necessary to try to find out from what mingling of inorganic combinations organisms could arise." There was some force in this objection, for, as Weismann added, "After the fiery earth had so far cooled that its outermost layer had hardened to a firm crust, and after water had condensed to a liquid form, there could at first only have been inorganic substances in existence."

Such considerations led me, as I have described in my work, *The Origin of Life*,† to make three long series of experiments with certain simple saline solutions (whose composition is fully described) enclosed in hermetically sealed tubes, which were subsequently sterilised, and then for several months either exposed to light, or to heat in an incubator warmed by electricity. The results of these experiments, made with all possible precautions, were so

* A full and learned history of the question from the earliest days to the present is to be found in the recent small work by Dr. Hector Grasset, entitled *Etude historique et critique sur les Générations Spontanée et l'Hétérogénie*, second edition, 1913, 4 frs. (Rousset.)

† Watts and Co., 1913, with 12 plates, containing 72 photomicrographs, 3s. 6d.

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convincing to me that, in spite of previous warning experiences, I ventured to submit an illustrated memoir on the subject to the Royal Society, only to learn soon after that it was "not considered suitable for acceptance by the Society." *Apropos* of this, I have lately seen an interesting statement in Prof. Judd's work, *The Coming of Evolution*, in which, writing of the publication of *The Origin of Species* spoken of as the "Abstract," he says (p. 129):

"For a time there was hesitation, as Darwin's correspondence with Lyell and Hooker shows, between the two plans of sending the 'Abstract' to the Linnean Society in a series of papers, or of making it an independent book. But Darwin entertained an invincible dislike to submitting his various conclusions to the judgment of the Council of a Society, and, in the end, the preparation of the 'Abstract' in the form of a book of moderate size, was decided on. This was the origin of Darwin's great work."

The kind of "Star Chamber" proceeding which goes on even when a Fellow submits a paper to the Royal Society (as I have indicated *loc. cit.*, p. 12) seems to call for some reform. It practically amounts to a distinct injustice when a worker's communication is submitted to referees who have never themselves done any similar work, and who, without reference to the author, may condemn it mainly because of their own strongly held preconceptions.

Since the publication in 1911 of the Memoir in question as the first edition of my book, which was based in the main on 196 experiments, a second edition has lately been issued containing a paper that was read to the Royal Society of Medicine last November, after I had performed a further series of 280 experiments. The twelve plates of the book contain photomicrographs of organisms—Bacteria, *Torulæ*, and very minute Moulds—that had been taken, after the lapse of many months, from the previously sterilised tubes.

Full details are given concerning the saline solutions used, the charging, sealing, and sterilisation of the tubes, together with the treatment to which they were subsequently submitted. In the latter paper there will also be found a full reply to various criticisms which had been advanced in reviews of the first edition of the book.

In the experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall they, like me with my saline solutions, trusted to what was known and well-established concerning the lethal influence of heat on living matter when immersed in fluids, and consequently

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to their ability to sterilise the solutions and vessels used. Then, if evidences of fermentation showed themselves within the experimental fluids, they were seemingly content to account for it as a result of some error; while their negative results impressed them so strongly that they were induced to favour a conclusion far wider than was warranted by their premisses, and to proclaim their belief that the present occurrence of spontaneous generation was a myth.

But if from the basis of their negative results they felt themselves warranted in proclaiming such a belief, how much stronger is my warrant for the opposite belief, looking to my long series of experiments, and the very numerous occasions on which, when opening tubes previously sterilised by far higher temperatures than they ever employed, I have taken therefrom, after months of exposure, undoubtedly living organisms—*though tubes of the same series opened as "controls" a few days after sterilisation have been free from them.*

My tubes and their contents have been submitted to temperatures ranging from 125°–145° C. (257°–293° F.) for five to ten minutes; or else, of late, after the manner of bacteriologists, and as advised by Tyndall himself, they have been heated to 100° C. for twenty minutes on three successive days.

The organisms found have been Bacteria, or more commonly Torulæ or other fungus-germs and rudimentary Moulds, but neither they nor the spores of Fungi are able to survive the three heatings to 100° C.* The great majority of Bacteria and Torulæ are, in fact, killed in a minute or two when immersed in fluids heated only to 60° C., or even for less than a minute to 100° C.

Yet, as detailed (*loc. cit.*, pp. 97, 98), I have been able to predict that Torulæ would be found in certain of my tubes when opened by Prof. R. T. Hewlett in the presence of different witnesses. Subsequently he has opened two others in which Torulæ were found in great abundance, as

* In a repetition of my experiments recently made in New York by Dr. Jonathan Wright he purposely inoculated the fluids in some of the tubes with the hay-bacillus, whose spores are regarded as capable of resisting heat better than any other bacterial form. The opening of such control tubes showed that the hay-bacillus had been killed by the three heatings.

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I predicted; and also one in which there were to be no *Torulæ*, but a minute Mould with very characteristic spores, which authorities at Kew were inclined to regard as a species of *Oospora*—though they admitted, in a letter in my possession, that they knew of no evidence entitling them to believe that the spores of that or of any other Mould could have survived the three heatings to which the tubes had been submitted eight or nine months previously. Since then I have opened two tubes at the Royal College of Science with Prof. Farmer, J.B., F.R.S., and Prof. V. H. Blackman, F.R.S., in one of which, as predicted, there were swarms of *Torulæ*, and in the other only the *Oospora*. While later still two of these tubes were opened at the Lister Institute with similar results, the two kinds of organisms being seen by the chief bacteriologist, Dr. J. C. G. Ledingham, and his two assistants, Drs. W. J. Penfold and J. A. Arkwright, as well as by the head of the Biochemistry Department, Prof. A. Harden, F.R.S., and his colleague, Dr. Hartley. The tubes were then left by me with Dr. Ledingham, in order that they might endeavour to obtain sub-cultures. These particular *Torulæ* have hitherto proved stubborn, though the *Oospora* germs had been seen to increase by Prof. Farmer, as they have also been seen to do by myself on several occasions.

The warrant enabling me thus successfully to predict in these and in other cases what would be found in the unopened tubes was the fact that I had previously opened sample tubes of the several series, and had found in some only *Torulæ*, and in others only very minute Moulds. And it must be regarded as a very significant fact that when organisms are found in one member of a series of tubes, each other member of that same series will be found to contain similar organisms.

I consider myself, therefore, warranted in saying that the present occurrence of spontaneous generation, or of Archebiosis, as I term it, has been proved; and I entertain no doubt that those who are repeating my experiments in this country, in France, and in the United States, will ultimately, *if sufficient care is exercised*, be enabled to confirm my results.

Let us look now at a few of the reasons which will

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still, in all probability, in the face of this evidence, lead many to remain sceptical.

There are first the very numerous people who are confirmed "Vitalists"—who regard "Life" as a separate principle, a kind of mysterious entity which enters in some way, nobody knows when or how, and dominates all the phenomena occurring in each living thing. With them I am not prepared to argue; many of them will probably be very long before they can realise the force of any evidence which tends to supplant their mythical entity by all-pervading physico-chemical processes.

If we turn, however, to those who are believers in the doctrine of Evolution, and who are prepared to admit in the far-distant past a natural origin of living matter, we may still find many who will be very unwilling to think that any such process is taking place at the present day. They will be influenced by various considerations. They may say it is contrary to the every-day experience of mankind—that nobody ever sees such a process taking place. Granted; and it is never likely to be seen. Even with the aid of the most powerful microscopes, the actual beginnings of the ultra-microscopic particles which subsequently grow into the particular organisms above referred to, or indeed into any other simple types of life, could never be witnessed.

Then, again, the very important work of chemists in synthetically building up even certain bodies pertaining to the protein group have led many to believe that the origin of life, if it is ever brought about experimentally, must be achieved in one of their laboratories. But, as I have elsewhere said (*The Origin of Life*, second edition, p. 94):

"Whatever the future researches of chemists may achieve in the way of synthetically building up the bases of protoplasm, when it comes to the demonstration of the production of actual living matter, they could never convince themselves or the world in general that they had succeeded in their quest till they were able to produce it under such restricted conditions as I have had to cope with in my experiments—that is, within hermetically sealed vessels which, with their contents, had previously been sterilised. They, like the biologist, would have to eliminate all pre-existing life and securely guard against contaminations, and what the chemist may then produce no one can say, though he is certainly never likely to produce living matter in tangible lumps, as recent vaticinations in regard to 'what the chemist is going to do in his laboratory' would seem to intimate. It may be safely affirmed that living matter, like crystalline matter, must

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always begin from a collocation of its elements, and then can only, after a time, reveal itself as minutest particles."

Further, against such a *de novo* origin of living matter as I believe to have occurred within my tubes, others will urge their own hypotheses and preconceptions. Some of them will, following H. Spencer, postulate not only long processes, but long lapses of time as needful for the original building up of chemical combinations which are ultimately to eventuate in the appearance of living matter, and will, moreover, assume that this originally took place only because of the existence of special conditions of a favouring nature that no longer exist.

But when we find that Bacteria and *Torulæ* can grow freely in a simple solution of ammoniac tartrate with sodic phosphate, the view seems forced upon us that the synthesis of living matter may be a much simpler and more rapidly achieved process than has been usually imagined, and that the originally evolved organisms need never have been in danger of starvation from lack of pre-existing proteid-like material. True, in the case above referred to, living matter is built up under the influence of "pre-existing protoplasm"; but the mystery attaching to this agency tends to disappear if, as evolutionists, we are compelled to believe that in the pre-existing protoplasm nothing but physico-chemical processes are at work. As Huxley said in his celebrated article on "The Physical Basis of Life": "What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter which gave rise to it?" Let suitable enzymes once be formed in the experimental fluids, and *they* may then do for the origin of living matter just what the enzymes contained within the Bacteria or *Torulæ* do for their growth and multiplication in the above mentioned saline fluid.

Others, again, object that these organisms are too definite and well known ever to have been products of spontaneous generation. They lose sight of the fact that the immediate products are ultra-microscopic particles; that the initial molecular combinations entering into their composition may vary much, but that the organisms which result are bound to have a definite form and nature, just as the initial combination of different crystals are bound

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to issue in definite forms, sometimes simple such as mere prisms, and at others highly complex, as when rhombic dodecahedrons appear. Herbert Spencer expressed such a view when in a well-known passage he said (*Principles of Biology*, Vol. I., Append., D.):

"As certainly as molecules of alum have a form of equilibrium, the octahedron, into which they fall when the temperature of their solvent allows them to aggregate, so certainly must organic molecules of each kind, no matter how complex, have a form of equilibrium in which when they aggregate their complex forces are balanced."

And as evidence of the truth of this view we find that just as a damaged crystal will repair itself, so will sections of many of the lower organisms grow into the perfect form of their kind; while more complex organisms are still capable of restoring a lost limb or a lost tail. Even Weismann admits that if this power of repair and regeneration is dependent upon a primary property rather than upon one that has been acquired by natural selection, "there would be nothing for it but at least to regard the faculty of regeneration as a primary power of living creatures, and to think of the organism as like a crystal, which invariably completes itself if injured in any part."

There seems no weight, therefore, to be attached to the objection against Bacteria and *Torulæ* as products of spontaneous generation because of their definiteness of form; and as for the objection formerly raised by Huxley that such products are not something altogether strange, but are similar to common and well-known organisms, this is an altogether one-sided objection which must disappear directly spontaneous generation has been proved. Because if such organisms can arise *de novo* under the very restrictive conditions that exist within our experimental tubes, all the more easily would they appear in the world outside, as they seem to have done through long geologic ages.

It will doubtless surprise many to learn that the researches of B. Renault and others have shown that different kinds of Bacilli and Micrococci have been found in animal and vegetal remains in the Triassic and Permian strata, in Carboniferous Limestone, and even as low as the upper Devonian strata.* Is it conceivable that such

* *Ann. des Sc. Nat. (Bot.)*, 1896, II., pp. 275-349.

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variable living beings could retain the same primitive forms through all these changing ages? Is it not far simpler and more probable to suppose—especially in the light of the new experimental evidence—that instead of having to do with a case of unbroken descent from ancestors through all these æons of time, we have to do in the case of Bacteria and their allies with successive new births of such organisms as primordial forms of life—compelled by their different, but recurring, molecular constitutions to take such and such recurring forms, just as would be the case with successive new births of some different kinds of crystals?

And if we believe that Bacteria, *Torulæ*, and other related germs having the potentiality of developing into simple Moulds are constantly *originating* as well as multiplying all around us, there would no longer be any need to postulate the existence everywhere in the atmosphere of inconceivably numerous and varied germs, always ready suitably to tenant every new possibility in the way of site, even one which was non-existent a few years before—remarkable instances of which in the case of Moulds have been cited by Fée and also by Pouchet. To meet such requirements, the atmosphere ought to present itself as very far more crowded with germs of the most varied kinds than it has ever been found to be by the many persons who have most carefully examined it from this point of view.

Writing to Wallace in 1872, Darwin said (*Life and Letters*, Vol. III., p. 169): "I should like to live to see Archebiosis proved true, for it would be a discovery of transcendent interest."

In order to bring out its full significance and interest, apart from what has been already said, we must look for a moment at the prevailing view concerning the origin of life on the earth which the doctrine of the continued occurrence of Archebiosis would displace, and then see which view would be most in accordance with well-known facts hitherto more or less difficult of explanation.

According to Darwin, "all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those that lived long before the Cambrian epoch"; a view which Huxley also expressed in almost similar terms when he said: "In view of the facts of geology, it follows that all living animals and

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plants are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Silurian epoch."

I pointed out in 1903 (*Studies in Heterogenesis*, pp. 325-332) that in regard to the forms of the simplest living things—whether of vegetal or of animal type—whose mode of increase is by simple fission, or, as Huxley aptly termed it, "discontinuous growth," no appeal need be made to heredity, since they "must be regarded as natural products resulting from their molecular constitution and the influence of environing forces, just in the same way that the forms of crystals are the results of their molecular constitution under the influence of their particular media."

Then, after calling attention to the importance of molecular composition even in reference to substances that are looked upon as elements, in which differences in the arrangement of their atoms suffice to produce what are known as "allotropic" states often widely differing from one another—the most familiar instances of which are to be found in carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus—I went on to refer to the fact that in compound substances a greater and greater possibility of change in molecular arrangement arises in proportion to their molecular complexity; in consequence of which we have, for instance, great multitudes of compounds spoken of as "isomeric" having wholly different properties, which are, nevertheless, made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in the same relative proportions.

More important still, in reference to our analogy, is the well-known fact that crystallisable substances often assume totally different forms under the influence of changes in external conditions, numerous instances of which are recorded in Watts's *Dictionary of Chemistry* under the article on "Dimorphism." Such differences in crystalline form are, moreover, often associated with remarkable differences in hardness, colour, and other properties.

Are we to suppose that transformations of this kind are limited to inorganic matter, and would not be exhibited where we have to do with great colloidal molecules such as enter into the constitution of living matter? Assuredly not. As Spencer pointed out in reference to these great compound molecules: "That very massiveness which renders them less mobile enables the physical forces acting on them

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more readily to change the relative positions of their component atoms [molecules]; and so to produce what we know as rearrangements and decompositions."

Some of these changes when taking place in lower organisms are held by those who believe in what Burdach termed Heterogenesis to give rise to transformations, either in whole or in part, leading to the appearance of organisms belonging to a totally different species. My definition of Heterogenesis is, in fact, "the production from the substance of organisms or their germs of alien forms of life," as when the substance of an encysted *Euglena* or of an encysted Ciliate becomes transformed into a brood of Monads, *Amœbæ*, or *Peranemata*; when similar organisms are produced from a Rotifer's egg; or when even Ciliated Infusoria are produced from large encysted *Amœbæ* or from the great eggs of a *Hydatina*.

It is impossible to say more than a few words here concerning the reality of Heterogenesis. I would, however, call the attention of sceptics to what is said on the subject in *The Origin of Life*, pp. 9-11, as to such an origin for *Amœbæ*; and, more especially to all that is said concerning the most remarkable instance known to me, namely, the entire transformation of the great egg of a Rotifer into the embryo of a monster Ciliate (*Otostoma*), as detailed in my *Studies in Heterogenesis*.* As to the reality of this transformation, photographs of which are shown, I entertain not the smallest doubt, as I have seen it occurring more than a hundred times under experimental conditions.

In Archebiosis we are concerned with the actual origin of living matter; while in Heterogenesis we have to do with transformations of already existing living matter. My belief, then, is that both these processes are now, and probably have been, continually recurring. Let us, therefore, see whether the old or the new view will best explain certain well-known and generally admitted classes of facts, it being understood that the view above expressed by Darwin and Huxley is that which is generally accepted at the present day.

The first important fact in favour of the new view is the *present-day existence of vast multitudes of lowest*

* For full references to this conversion consult the index under "*Otostoma*."

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organisms of all kinds. If all the forms of life that have ever existed upon the surface of the earth have been derived from the primordial forms which took origin by natural synthetic processes occurring only in an incalculably remote past, no adequate and consistent explanation would be forthcoming of the undoubted existence at the present day of swarms of lowest organisms of all kinds. Writing even in 1872 (*The Beginnings of Life*, Vol. I., p. xiii.), I said:—

“Would he [the Evolutionist] have us believe that the simplest and most structureless Amœba of the present day can boast of a line of ancestors stretching back to such far-remote periods that in comparison with them the primæval men were but as things of yesterday? The notion surely is preposterously absurd; or, if true, the fact would be sufficient to overthrow the very first principles of the Evolution philosophy.”

If it were really true that the lowest forms of life of the present day are lineal descendants of those produced in pre-Silurian times, then we could only expect that such forms would be the very types of conservatism and stability; whereas, as a matter of fact, all such organisms are rather the best types for showing easily-induced change and mutability.

Then, *the widespread distribution over the Earth of the lowest types of life* affords another test of the relative validity of the two views. I have always maintained that the intrinsic molecular composition and properties of the different varieties of living matter have much more to do with the forms and structures of lowest organisms than mere differences in their environment. Under the dominating influence of “organic polarity,” the several forms arising by Archebiosis and Heterogenesis seem to unfold into such and such simple organisms of common type.

The facts and arguments furnished by Heterogenesis coupled with Herbert Spencer’s views concerning “physiological units,” seem capable of affording a better explanation than has hitherto been forthcoming of the *sudden variations in higher plants and animals*, which are at times well known to occur—variations that have been spoken of as “discontinuous” by Bateson, and as “mutations” by De Vries. These phenomena are, perhaps, the nearest approaches possible among higher organisms to the still

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more marked heterogenetic transformations that are apt to occur among lower organisms.

We come next to various facts relating to higher organisms, and having reference not only to their distribution over the face of the earth at the present day, but also to the distribution of their fossil remains in the different strata constituting the crust of the earth.

The new views would seem to diminish to a considerable extent many of the difficulties at present existing in regard to the more limited *geographical distribution* of various higher plants and animals—difficulties which were said by Darwin to be extreme in many cases.

The new view also makes it comparatively easy to explain what seems inexplicable in accordance with the old view; I allude to what has been termed *the ancestral history of organisms from a study of their fossil remains*. It was formerly thought by geologists that rocks containing similar fossils were to be regarded as contemporaneous formations. But this view was traversed by Huxley in a celebrated presidential address to the Geological Society in 1862, wherein he advanced the strongest evidence showing that "similarity of organic contents cannot possibly afford any proof of the synchrony of the deposits which contain them"; and in illustration he said: "For anything that geology or palæontology are able to show to the contrary, a Devonian flora and fauna of the British Islands may have been contemporaneous with Silurian life in North America, and with a Carboniferous flora and fauna in Africa." Nobody now contests these views, and if very similar faunas may be found imbedded in rocks whose formation has been separated by long-drawn ages, this must be antagonistic to the notion of only some one evolutionary progression. The facts are, however, much more possible of explanation if we are prepared to admit that there have been multitudes of independent evolutionary centres, with wide developments in and from them.

As G. H. Lewes well said, the link which unites all organisms "is not always the common bond of heritage, but the *uniformity of organic laws acting under uniform conditions*." And if through all the life-evolving period of the history of our globe the progress of "organisation" seems to have been essentially similar (so that develop-

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ment may have many times gone along more or less similar lines), this seems readily explicable by the consideration that living things, both as regards their origin and their subsequent development, are the immediate products of ever-acting natural laws and material properties.

The truth of the new view is still more strongly shown by the explanation which it is capable of affording of the *fact of the existence of "persistent" types of life through long geologic ages up to the present day*. As Huxley and others have shown, this long persistence of similar organic forms has been met with both among animals and among plants of comparatively high organisations. Certain genera of Molluscs, for instance, are said to "have persisted from the Silurian epoch to the present day with so little change that competent malacologists are sometimes puzzled to distinguish the ancient from the modern species." This persistency is assumed by many to be due to the slow rate of change among such organisms, or to their having passed into a rigid (as opposed to a plastic) condition; and they would have us believe that such organisms have been perpetuating their kind, in the same likeness, through this long succession of geologic ages.

An excellent means of refuting this supposed explanation is fortunately open to us, seeing that a similar persistency, through many geologic ages, is known to obtain for two sets of very low organisms which are notorious for their high degree of variability. I refer to Foraminifera (chambered Amœbæ) and to Diatomaceæ.

Concerning the former animal organisms, Dr. Carpenter, one of the principal authorities concerning them, wrote: "There is no evidence of any fundamental modification or advance in the Foraminiferous type from the palæozoic period to the present day." Other authorities are in agreement with him, yet the variability of these organisms is extreme.

The reader will recall the very similar discovery in regard to Bacteria (p. 393). The same kind of history exists also in regard to the existence and the similarity of Diatomaceæ from the oldest known beds in the Ægina clay-marl (an upper chalk formation) to those that are to be found at the present day. Hooker, Pritchard, and other

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writers, moreover, bear witness to the cosmopolitan distribution of these organisms.

Are we to assume, then, that these and other low organisms to which reference has been made have had an unbroken lineal descent (without essential changes) through hundreds of millions of years since they first came into existence? This is the commonly received notion, but in view of the extreme variability of such organisms, and in face of the fundamental principles of Evolution, the supposition will probably to most persons prove absolutely incredible. Had lineal descent alone been the rule in past ages and up to the present day we might now fairly expect to find such evidence of this continuity as would be represented by *fixity of habitat*. This is, however, notoriously non-existent among the lower forms of life—striking instances of which have been cited in *The Nature and Origin of Living Matter* (1905, p. 305).

Persistence of low types of life, in fact, is much more explicable on the assumption of successive evolutions of more or less similar forms from similar starting-points, under the influence of ever-acting material properties or natural laws—the same in all times, however much or little the environing conditions may have varied from age to age.

Thus the continued existence of low types throughout the geologic strata from the Silurian system upwards; and among higher types the constant admixture of previously known forms with others altogether new will be found quite consistent with the notion of a continual surging up from below through all geologic time of freshly-evolved lower forms of life—representatives of which, as they become more and more highly organised, mix, in successive epochs, with those of their predecessors which still remain. Many of these trees of life, including all or most of their branches, may have died out during the many vicissitudes of the earth's surface, and the long lapse of ever fruitful ages—though the descendants of others, dating back perhaps to far distant epochs, may still survive.

It is only natural to expect, in accordance with these views, that while more or less similarity would be likely to exist between the lower forms of life which have appeared at different periods of the earth's history, more

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and more divergence would be encountered among such higher aquatic, aerial, or terrestrial types whose ancestors have lived through long geologic periods.

These latter views derive support from what is said by Cope in his work, *The Primary Factors of Organic Evolution* (1896), in which he dwells upon the fact "that the phylogenetic lines have not been continuous." He also says, "the point of departure of the progressive lines of one period of time has not been from the terminal types of the lines of preceding ages, but from points further back in the series." And again he says, "Many lines of variation have been at one geologic period and another discontinued."

The new views also have a very important bearing upon another problem of great speculative interest, namely, the question of *the time needful for the Evolution of all the Forms of Life that have ever appeared upon the Earth*. Most discordant views have been expressed upon this subject. Darwin was much distressed in 1869 by Lord Kelvin's view that only somewhere about thirty million years could have elapsed since the consolidation of the crust of the earth. This time limit has been considered altogether inadequate by geologists and biologists alike. The subject from the geologists' point of view was fully discussed by Geikie in a presidential address in 1899, when he considered that nothing short of one hundred million years "would suffice for that portion of the history which is registered in the stratified rocks of the crust," and, of course, very far longer periods would be needed for the total duration of life upon the planet. Poulton, three years previously, looking at the matter as a biologist and from a strictly Darwinian point of view, was compelled to make very much larger demands in regard to the time needed to account for the evolution of all the forms of life upon the globe from the Cambrian epoch upwards. No sort of unanimity has, therefore, hitherto existed upon this subject, which has been further complicated of late years by the discovery of radium and the uncertainty as to the degree of its possible connection with the problem.

It seems perfectly clear, however, that if Archebiosis has been continually in operation, the time necessary for the appearance of all the forms of life upon the earth would

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not be anything like so enormous as that which would be needed if the starting-points were limited to the Cambrian epoch and if "natural selection" were to be regarded as the main determining cause, seeing, as Darwin said, that "it can act only by very short and slow steps." Yet Weismann, Poulton, and others are implicit believers in this one cause, with its slow step-by-step progress, as the dominant evolutionary influence.

Only space for a few words remains concerning some important points, the belief in which, though not actually dependent upon the proof of the continued occurrence of Archebiosis, must be regarded as greatly strengthened thereby.

There is, for instance, the well-known mutability of Bacteria both in form and in function; the fact that their mere "discontinuous growth" puts heredity out of court; and therefore at once tends to show that the passage from one form to another under the gradual influence of changing media and other conditions is not only possible, but of actual occurrence. No abrupt line of demarcation separates the pathogenic from the non-pathogenic forms, for, as Lehmann and Neuman say in their *Principles of Bacteriology* (1901, p. 118), "We can understand and know the pathogenic varieties only if we study simultaneously the non-pathogenic, *from which the former have once originated and will always originate.*" The admission of this truth must soon become more general, and, as a consequence, there will be a demonstration of the untenability of ultra-contagionist doctrines in reference to the very many communicable diseases in which Bacteria play a prominent part.

It is far too much the tendency at the present day to speak as well as to act as if such diseases never appeared or started except as a result of infection or contagion from a pre-existing case—ignoring the possibility of *de novo* origins as a consequence of transformations of some non-pathogenic into actual pathogenic Bacteria, and thereby the establishment of cases of this or that form of disease, which may become centres of its spread to others. More diligent search should be made for the conditions of origin. It cannot be wise to be content with and to act only upon

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half-truths, rather than to strive to ascertain and act upon the whole truth. There are facts in abundance to show the need of this broader outlook.

Then let us turn to another very different subject. Living matter having had a natural origin resulting from physico-chemical processes (there being absolutely no evidence of any other operative influence); if, as we know, animal forms have arisen step by step of greater complexity, in which nervous systems more and more complex have also appeared; and if what we know as feeling or Consciousness exists only as a result and accompaniment of the activity of nerve tissues (all of which points must now be regarded as certain), then all conscious states, and mental phenomena generally, must be as dependent upon the properties and molecular activities of nerve tissues as magnetic phenomena are dependent upon the properties and molecular actions of certain kinds or states of iron. Magnetism does not exist as an entity, nor have we any knowledge of Mind or Life as independent entities. The word "Mind," in fact, is in the same rank with the word "Life"; neither represents anything existing of and by itself; both are merely general abstract names having very large connotations in regard to distinct classes of phenomena.

Feeling and Consciousness are no more capable of being dissevered from the physical conditions on which they depend, than is Magnetism or Heat to be dissevered from its physical conditions. To say that Heat is a mode of motion takes for granted the underlying fact that we cannot have motion except through a something which moves. Consciousness is also the result of a concert of molecular motions. But to show how these particular motions which underlie Conscious States arise, and how they again subside into more ordinary nerve actions, must from the very nature of the problem ever remain impossible.

For the Evolutionist the metaphysical conception of Mind as an entity should disappear, and with it all forms of "spiritualism." He who believes in Archebiosis, either once or repeated, if consistent, can believe only in mental phenomena as resulting from the action of nervous systems, and as having no existence apart therefrom. To speak of "mind acting directly upon mind," by way of so-called

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telepathy and other communications from the "Spirit" world, must be for him a barren form of words.

Proof of the continued recurrence of Archebiosis need not in the least influence any religious beliefs of Evolutionists who have already made up their minds as to the existence of such a process even only once in the past. If they are agnostics they may think with Herbert Spencer that "The consciousness of an Inscrutable Power manifested to us through all phenomena has been growing ever clearer," seeing that physical, chemical, and biological phenomena all compel us to believe that law and order universally prevail—that the modes of energy, in fact, which have led to the genesis of our Earth and all that has ever appeared thereon are operative, as we have every reason to believe, throughout the whole illimitable Universe.

The Lost Suburb

By J. D. Beresford

So brilliant a memory must surely be that of a thing seen, and seen in a moment of tense emotion. Other memories of childhood are almost equally clear; little, bright pictures that present themselves without mental effort and awaken curious happiness for which I cannot account. In all these memories there is a sense of unreal reality that has a quality of ecstasy; I do so very truly live in those scenes, yet my body is apart from them; I am there unhampered by any weight of flesh. I can experience, but I am free. This past is new to me as no common sight or feeling of hitherto unknown life is ever new; unless it comes strangely, as a thing remembered.

The great difference between this and other memories is that this one I cannot place. The others, I know, are certainly of scenes and acts in which I played long ago. In the almost unbroken monotony of the long reasoning hours, when the dull machinery of the mind works with its usual recognition of faint or laboured effort, I can recall the plain, stupid facts. I know what took place before and after those scenes; I could write their history. The kind of history that is written: what people said or did, what they wore or how they looked. There is no ecstasy in that, only the repulsiveness of facts, and again facts, and of a landscape or a human being reasonably analysed.

To such commonplaces I, too, must descend in order to set out the story of my unplaced memory—that story which I cherish as a record of my soul's experience, however banal. Not that this apparent, superficial banality is of the least account. The glorious truth for me is in the knowledge that I have trespassed among the mysteries of the outer world, that I have crept through the interstices of matter and walked in the spaceless, timeless present of the

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universe. My soul has returned to me and said, "I am thyself."

All this is proof to me and will be proof to none but me, but I put forward my three phases in order, ranging them in succession, at once chronological and logically sequential. So I come by way of memory and dream to the bald evidence of what we call reality.

I. MEMORY.

It is so slight a thing, and yet to me so full of an inexplicable joy. I must have been absurdly young, so young that only this one emotional picture impressed me, and all the business of movement, purpose, and sequence of life that should circumscribe the vision is forgotten.

I was looking out from a moving window, and reason tells me that it was probably the window of a four-wheeled cab. My mother was frightened to death of hansoms.

I think it must have been my first visit to London, though no record of such a visit remains, and doubtless my childish mind was thrilled with the joy of adventure into the untraversed mysteries of the suburbs about the great city. Yet one wonders why the things that must have appeared so bizarre to me have been forgotten; the first impression of streets and traffic, of great shop-windows, or the vastness of titanic buildings, while this one scene, less unfamiliar, should be so vividly remembered.

It may be that my exhilaration had reached some climax, and that for a moment I was one with life; or it may be that that spot held some definite relation to myself, a relation imperfectly traced, which cannot be explained.

I hesitated on the verge of attempted description, knowing the inner joy to be indescribable. To me the old magic returns, but the place to all others must appear as a hundred other places.

I saw the right side of the road more clearly, but I must have danced across the floor of the cab and seen a little of the left side, for I know something of that also, though less definitely. We were on the slope of a hill, and the houses on the right side stood above the level of the road. I could see little of the houses, however, for at the foot of their gardens was planted a thick row of balsam

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poplars—strong, healthy trees that were just come to full leaf and filled the air with their heavy-sweet perfume. The dusk was falling, and under the trees the shadows were so heavy that I could see nothing but the flicker of some white gate here and there. Then there was a break in the poplars. For ten yards, perhaps, came a low brick wall, coped with thin stone, and crowned with a poor iron rail carried on low cast-iron standards set far apart. The standards were cast in an ornamental shape, capped by a fleur-de-lys or some other misconception of the Early Victorian founders. A broken shrubbery of variegated laurel pushed discoloured leaves over and through the iron-work. The house I hardly saw; only one fact remains, it was chocolate-coloured. Perhaps I conceived that it was certainly built of chocolate. Then we were passing the poplars again, the heavily fragrant poplars that threw such deep shadows.

On the other side was a great wood, shut away from all discovery by a cliff of black fence incredibly high—higher than the roof of our monumental cab—and defended at the top by a row of vicious little crooked spikes, like capital T's with one arm broken away. In one place a pear-shaped branch of lilac overhung the fence. And all my memory of the picture goes to the sound of the crunch of new gravel and the rattling of a loose window.

That is all; little enough, and filled with no more of romance than can be found in any other new suburb, spreading out to encroach later on the old estate which fronted and repelled it on the left side of my road. But to me it has some special quality that mountain, cliff, or sea can never hold; and when, probably twenty years later, I came to live in London, I set myself to find that spot which had left so deep an impression on me.

I was tireless in those days, and I explored the suburbs from Catford to Barnet, from Leytonstone to Putney. Innumerable summer evenings I have spent in wandering happily through the wilderness of streets, bright and dull, that encircle the gloom of the essential London. And always as I went I was on the verge of the great discovery; the great hope was ever present with me that at the next turning I might find again my wonderland.

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II. DREAM.

In another twenty years I had failed to find it, and then for the first time my soul went there in a dream.

The dream began with confusion and foolishness. I was making my way, absurdly, through houses and enclosed places, passing through rooms full of people, down passages, across yards and over walls, seeking some plain, open street where I might walk unharassed by fears of intrusion and trespass. Quite suddenly I found myself flying; and then, the confusion vanished, the dream steadied, I came into reality.

I was walking in a familiar place, under the shadow of balsam poplars—the bright new flags of the pavement were sticky in places with the varnish of spilled gum from the trees, and daintily littered with shed catkins. The road was spotlessly neat, as a toy road, its red gravel freshly rolled and unmarked by a single wheel-track. Across the way a high tarred fence ran unbroken up the hill, and behind the fence were tall forest trees, elm, oak, and beech, their little newly-green leaves in brilliant contrast with the blackness of an occasional fir.

A familiar place indeed to me; but in my dream I had no recollection of my childish visit. My associations were older than that.

Thus I came by unrealised steps to the break in the poplars.

The house that lay back behind the waist-high wall, with its useless iron railing, was grotesquely out of place. On either side of it were detached suburban villas, big, high-shouldered houses of red brick with stone dressings and plain stone string courses—"blood and bandages" we used to call the style in my architectural days.

The house behind the dwarf wall was an anachronism, a square box, flat-roofed and stumpy; and some fool had painted its stuccoed straightness a dark chocolate. The plainness of its dingy front was relieved only by the projection of a porch, equally dour and squat, with two dumpy, bulging columns supporting a weak entablature; some horrible Georgian conception of the Doric order. All the face of that stucco box was leprous as the trunk of a plane-tree, the little bow-legged columns were nearly bare.

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The scrubby patch of grass and dandelions—hardly distinguishable from the weed-covered path—that lay between me and the house, contrasted no less sharply with the smooth lawns and bright flower-beds of its neighbours.

The road ran in a curve, the gardens tapered back from the pavement, the face of every house was set parallel with the tangent; and it seemed as if those ambitious villas on either hand turned a contemptuous shoulder to this square-browed little anachronism.

Square-browed and sulky it was, ashamed yet obstinately defiant, staring a resolute-eyed challenge at the prim ostentation of that smooth road of red gravel.

I was glad for the little house.

The road was deserted, the whole place silent as if one looked at the pictured thing rather than walked among the substance. But I was expecting someone, and presently he came, slinking furtive and apologetic from under the shadow of the scented poplars.

He wore a top-hat that showed in its weakest places a foundation of cardboard. His rusty frock-coat fitted him like a jersey, and the thick-soled boots below the fringe of his too-short grey trousers were the boots of a workman.

He nodded to me with a jerk of his head as he came out into the daylight, and fumbled with one dirty hand at his untidy beard.

"Still 'ere," he remarked. "We're clean forgot, that's what we are."

"No one comes along this road!" I said.

"Not with all the big 'ouses frontin' the other way," he added.

It was true. I had not noticed that, or I had forgotten it. One only saw the backs of those high-shouldered villas, ornamented though they were to turn some kind of a face to either road. Only my little house showed a front to this bright new gravel and the tall trees of the boarded estate.

And as the shabby man spoke to me, I heard for the first time a sound, very thin and far away, that came from the other side of the houses, the delicate, distant ring of voices and the tinkle of tiny laughter—but so remote, so infinitely removed from us.

"'E's still alive," continued the shabby man, pointing

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to the chocolate house. "I seen 'im a few days since—lookin' out o' window 'e was. . . ."

Again my mind took up the idea submitted. I could recover nothing for myself, but every least suggestion enabled me to gather up again some lost thread.

He was still alive, the figure of mystery and terror, fit occupant for that strange house. Yet I had never been afraid of that apparition which appeared sometimes at the window, the man who wore some repulsive, disfiguring mask across his face. I had had confidence in him. But if I felt thus, why did I call him a figure of terror? I listened again to the shabby man. He had been rambling on while my thoughts were building.

He said something about the "children always peerin' and pryin' up the lane. . . ."

I smiled, and turned slightly away from him. I saw them coming now. The road was waking slowly to life. I saw a little huddled group, the familiar group of children coming slowly towards us, keeping close under the shadow of the poplars. A little girl of nine or ten was playing mother to them, keeping them back, spreading out her skirts, like a little hen to guard her inquisitive, peeping chickens. She wore sandals, and little frilled white trousers that came down to her ankles. As they drew timorously nearer, creeping along the palings inch by inch, I could hear their sibilant whisperings, little cluckings and chirps of laughter, and half-smothered cries of affected terror.

Ah! to them he had been a figure of terror, though they could not restrain their curiosity, and, after all, they were safe. No one had ever known him to come out of the house.

As I watched the children, now drawing so near to us, I was on the verge of apprehension. Surely I knew that tall, thin child. I stared, and as I stared she and the others faded, and slipped from my comprehension. I knew they were still there, but I could no longer see or hear them. The whole scene about me had grown suddenly stiff and artificial, frozen and soundless; I had a sense of unreality and doubt. For one moment I fancied that I was flying again, and then I heard the thin, whining voice of the little shabby man, and came back to intensest realisation of my surroundings. The children had gone,

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but I could hear once more the tinkle of voices and little laughter beyond the houses.

"Over fifteen year, now, since he first come . . ." the little man was saying.

I had heard someone say that before. The memory of it was associated quite distinctly with the smell of the balsam poplars. But I dared not attempt to recall the circumstances. The shock I had just received had left me with the knowledge of my double consciousness. I must remain placid in the sense of my happiness; any effort of mind or conscious stimulation of idea would drag me back to my other life. I looked down at the pavement and gently rolled a green catkin to and fro under my foot. I listened attentively once more to the garrulous little man. I understood that he was glad to have someone to talk to. This was a lonely, unused road.

" . . . 'Aven't seen the little chap for the past day or two," he rambled on; "laid up again very like. . . ."

My heart leapt, and I repeated to myself, "calm, tranquil happiness." I rolled the catkin backwards and forwards under my foot. I knew of whom he was speaking now, and for an instant I had the sense of looking up to the face of the little man before me—I, who was nearly a foot taller than he.

"Very delicate," I suggested.

The little man shook his head sadly. "Can't live," he said, paused, and then repeated with morbid enjoyment, "Can't live. 'E's got the look."

I could not compose myself. The struggle had begun again, the effort to recall the past. I looked down at the catkin I had released, and saw that my leg was bare and that I had on my foot a white sock and a black, round-toed slipper; across the instep was a strap that fastened with a little round black button. I looked up quickly, and the shabby man had vanished. I was not afraid, but I was desperately eager to stay where I was. I reached up and grasped the iron rail on the low wall. I had to stand on tiptoe to reach the rail, and even as I grasped it, it rose high in the air, carrying me with it. I swung at giddy heights, and once looking down, I saw that the whole sky was ablaze with sunset. I could not bear to look down into that hot flame, and swung over on my back, still

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holding tight to the rail. Something was remorselessly calling me out of the depths of time, and I began to fall through enormous spaces. Gradually I lost all sense of movement. I was lying on my back staring at some huge white expanse. My arms were still above my head, gripping the iron rail that crowned the wall of the chocolate house. I was, in fact, in bed staring at the ceiling, and the rail was the rail of my bed. I knew that I had been lying intensely still. Even now I could not move.

The door opened, and an untidy head was pushed in.

"I've called yer three times a'ready," said the lodging-house servant. "It's past nine o'clock."

III. REALITY.

I did not go to the office that morning. I was too excited and too contemptuous of the meanness of life. I had had transcendental experience. I was exalted, superbly stirred and proud.

The glamour of that wonderful vision was still upon me, and I went out to find my lost suburb. I knew that I should find it that morning.

And to me, as I have said, the evidence is convincing, despite certain aggravating discrepancies which must, inevitably, I am afraid, induce doubt in other minds.

It was in south-west London, but I shall not indicate the precise locality. What use is it for people to go and stare at the outside of commonplace houses, as if some murder had been committed or some ghost seen there?

Even I had no thrill when I found the place; it was all so changed. The estate behind the tall black fence has all been cut up into trim streets of villas, of meaner pretension than that one crescent of comparatively large houses, which, by the way, are not letting well, although they are not nearly so large and imposing as I had imagined. The chocolate house has disappeared, but I can mark the place where it stood, because there is one house in the crescent which is narrower and smaller than the others. It matches the others in style and faces the same way, turning its white-streaked back to the meaner villas on the estate, but it has no poplars in its garden. The other poplars, however, were disappointing. They

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were thinner, many of them have died, no doubt; and those that remain have been pollarded and formalised. Moreover, it was late summer when I went, and they had lost their fragrance.

I shall not go there again; my suburb is lost, now, for ever.

If this were all, I should have a poor case, I admit; but I have better evidence than this, although there is some confusion of time which I cannot explain.

I had little difficulty in finding the house-agents, their boards leaned disreputably over many of the palings, thrusting their statements of eligibility at the road.

The young man in the spruce, bare office, however, was no use to me directly. His memory carried him back no further than a paltry three years, and his firm had only been established for seven.

He offered me keys and orders to view, and plainly regarded me with suspicion when I told him that I wanted to find out when one of the houses in the crescent was built.

"All modern requirements," he said, "bath, hot water. . . ."

"But surely," I interrupted him, "the houses in the crescent are not quite modern. They must have been there," I hesitated and then plunged, "at least seventy years." I thought of the little girl in the Early Victorian trousers and sandals.

The clerk pursed his mouth and shook his head. "Well, I can't say for certain," he said, "but I shouldn't think they'd been up as long as that. Anyway, they're all fitted with bath-rooms now, hot water upstairs, and every . . ."

"I don't want to take a house," I protested. "I'm sorry if I'm wasting your time, but I have a particular interest in one house, 'The Limes,' I think you called it. I—I—knew someone who lived there once."

"Sorry I can't be of any assistance," returned the clerk, coldly. He had plainly lost any interest in me, and he had never had much.

But as I turned to go out of the office he became human for a moment. "You're sure you don't want to take a house in the crescent?" he asked. "The Limes," it seemed, was not to be let.

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"Quite sure," I said, convincingly.

He hesitated, and then said: "Because if it's only information you want, there's old Hankin in the High Street, No. 69, a rival firm, of course, and if you were thinking of taking a house, you'd better come to us, but . . ."

I thanked him, and hurried away to find old Hankin.

His office was a small and dingy place, and old Hankin was a man of fifty-five or so; he wore a grey beard and spectacles. He was evidently not busy, but he regarded me with the professional distrust of the house-agent. I had some difficulty in breaking through his suspicion of the potential leaseholder.

"'The Limes,'" he said at last, looking at me over his spectacles, "was built about thirty years ago, just before I came into the business."

"You don't remember the house that stood there before?" I asked.

He pinched up his under lip between his finger and thumb, and continued to regard me very earnestly above his spectacles. "Making inquiries?" he asked, and his tone gave the phrase a technical savour.

"Only on my own behalf," I said. "I have heard rather a curious story of the place." I wished I could tell him the truth, but it was impossible. He, most assuredly, would never have believed me; so unreal is the world of fact.

He dropped quite unexpectedly into the confidential. "You see," he said, "I left 'ome when I was fifteen—ran away to sea." The ghost of a smile came into his eyes at the amazing thought that once he, old Hankin, the house-agent, had run away to sea.

I curbed my impatience—it was the only way. I allowed him to ramble on, pricking him with assumed interest and an occasional question, till I brought him home, at the age of twenty-seven, to a forgiving father in the house and estate agency business.

"And I suppose your father would remember the old house that stood in the crescent before 'The Limes' was built?" I prompted him.

He nodded. "He had some story about that 'ouse, if I remember right," said old Hankin.

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I waited, breathless.

"It was an old 'ouse as was burnt down," he went on, "but the story was about some queer customer as used to live there, back in the 'forties—before I was born, that was." He took off his spectacles and made a business of wiping them and peering at the glasses.

I looked my interest.

"I dunno whether the old man dreamt it or not, but he used to tell as the occupier was a hermit or a miser or what not, and was wanted for some old debt. Shut hisself up in the 'ouse, so the old man used to say, and never put his 'ead out o' doors by daylight for fear of distraint. Free'old, the 'ouse was. There wasn't no road at the back then—what's now the front, of course—and only the lane, Granger's Lane, on the other side. The 'ouses in the crescent was built in 'seventy-nine."

"You're sure of that?" I asked.

He nodded. "We got the plans in the office somewhere," he said, and looked round at the muddle about him a little helplessly.

"Never mind the plans," I soothed him. "Was there any more about that miser in the old house?"

He wrinkled his forehead. "There *was* something amusin' about him," he answered, "but I forget the rights of it. To the best o' my recollection, the old debt as I was referring to had been given up long ago by the creditors, but there was some old bailiff or debt collector who'd been offered a commission on recovery, and he was the only one who remembered it. Used to hang about the place in the evenin's sometimes after his ordinary work. Something o' that kind. The old man used to make a story of it, I know, but 'e's been dead this twenty year."

That was all I could get out of old Hankin, and so far I have not been able to corroborate a single other detail.

Now that all the essential facts have been put on paper, I am moved by a sense of impatience. I lived for a time on such a high plane of emotion, I was so sure that inspiration had been given to me; but now, as I examine the evidence, coldly and reasonably, a doubt insinuates itself, some reflex of the doubt that I anticipated in other minds before I began to write.

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There was certainly some confusion of time in my dream. Those large villas were not built, nor the ground cleared when that odd little speculating bailiff used to take his evening patrol in the hope of one day being able to serve the writ he doubtless carried in the breast-pocket of that tightly-fitting frock-coat. They were not built when those children crept, giggling and half-scared, under the shadow of the poplars, nor when that one little boy, who was not afraid and who was so sure to die, walked—who knows?—into the very garden, perhaps even into the house itself. That thought sets me trembling with wonder and eagerness again. If I could but dream once more, and remember if I was ever inside the house. . . .

I grant the confusion, but on that plane of being, after all, time is not, and my own childish vision of the place in this life—the houses were newly-built then—may have created on that other plane a setting which, according to our measure, was an anachronism.

One further point I am very loth to cede: the question of my fragrant poplars. According to Aiton, *P. balsamifera* was introduced into England at the end of the seventeenth century, and it is now commonly grown in suburbs; but is it likely to have been found on waste ground in 1840? I can only say that it is not impossible. I do not know that there may not have been older houses fronting Granger's Lane, before the villas came.

I end where I began by saying that the memory, the dream, and my subsequent investigations are evidence to me, if they carry no weight with others. The vision has come to me and left me changed. I have touched a higher plane of being, and all my old materialistic doubts are gone, never to return. This one thing I have learned, and to that I shall always be able to hold: Reality lies within ourselves, not in the things about us.

The Correspondence of Friedrich Nietzsche with Georg Brandes

Authorised Translation by Beatrice Marshall

"Die Schlange welche sich nicht häuten kann geht zu Grunde. Ebenso die Geister welche man verhindert ihre Meinungen zu wechseln—sie hören auf Geist zu sein."

The snake which cannot cast its skin perishes. In the same way the mind which is prevented from changing its opinions ceases to be a mind.

NIETZSCHE (*Morgenröthe*).

FROM early boyhood Nietzsche was a prolific and brilliant correspondent. His letters fill eight volumes in German, and have, with his other works, been most ably edited at Weimar. No selection of these letters has as yet been added to the now otherwise complete and excellent English translation of Nietzsche (published by Foulis and Co., and edited by Dr. Oscar Levy), though perhaps none of his books throws more illuminating side-lights on the evolutions of his extraordinary and complex mind than his deeply interesting correspondence.

The earlier letters written to his mother and sister, school comrades, and friends of his university days are delightfully fresh and spontaneous. They abound with a fervid enthusiasm for the classics, art, and music, and are often characterised by great warmth of affection and a playful humour. Here and there, in piquant contrast to the Teutophobia into which Nietzsche lashed himself during his last phase, are charming touches of that "blue-eyed, blond-haired" *Gemüthlichkeit* which is so inexpressibly and untranslatably German. We find, for instance, in Nietzsche's letters of youth and adolescence the man whose very name to-day is associated by the superficial with nothing but a hard, cold, lofty egoism and pitiless ferocity attaching the most serious importance to the domestic festivals of Christmas and the celebration of birthdays.

Long after the age when one is supposed to put away childish things he was in the habit of sending home lists of little presents that would be useful to him, and asked his "Lama" (as he

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nicknamed his only sister) if she was not looking forward with terrific excitement to Christmas. "*Freust du dich nicht entzetzlich auf Weihnachten.*"

What, again, could be more German in its romantic sentiment than Nietzsche's glowing David and Jonathan friendship with the young Greek philologist, Irwin Rohde, to whom he poured out his "*tiefstes Innerste*," in wonderful letters for a period of more than twelve years? Rohde sat with Nietzsche at the feet of Wagner, and shared his enthusiastic admiration for the master of musical drama, yet, strange to say, it was not Nietzsche's apostasy from Wagner that caused a lasting breach between the friends, but a trivial difference of opinion about Taine.

The following letters which passed between Nietzsche and Georg Brandes, the eminent Danish litterateur and famous Continental critic of Shakespeare, belong to Nietzsche's last and most anti-German phase; the time when his magnificent intellect though on the eve of eclipse was at the height of its productivity and in the zenith of its splendour.

One after the other those later writings with their picturesque, suggestive titles were struck off hot from the forge of his fiery brain as if he had some premonition of the coming catastrophe, and wished to work while "it is called to-day" before the darkness of eternal night overtook him. . . . In loneliness and isolation, deprived of the society of his beloved sister, estranged from those with whom he had once been knit in bonds of close and romantic friendship, Nietzsche eagerly caught at the hand of goodwill held out to him from Denmark.

The friendly relations between these two distinguished men began in the autumn of 1887. But already in 1883 Nietzsche had heard of Brandes' interest in his work, and in the summer of 1886 a mutual acquaintance had told Nietzsche at Sils-Maria that Brandes had been making eager inquiries about him, and denouncing the German friends who ignored his books. This led to Nietzsche sending Brandes a copy of *Beyond Good and Evil*, afterwards followed by the *Genealogy of Morals*, which Brandes acknowledged with the first of the delightful letters given here.

"I can truly say," Frau Förster-Nietzsche writes in her notes to this correspondence, "that these letters were the one bright spot in my brother's life during the winter of 1887 and 1888. I never hear the name of Georg Brandes without tears of gratitude springing to my eyes. It was just when my brother was in absolute despair of finding anyone who would take him seriously or understand what he meant for the world that Brandes through his letters and even more through his lectures at the University of Copenhagen, showed that there was one man at least who was aware of the value and importance of this new philosophy and felt the strong necessity of bringing it to the notice of others."

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Many years were yet to elapse before the University professors of Germany were to prove wise in their generation and courageous enough to lecture on Friedrich Nietzsche. But now the time has come when nothing draws such large crowds to the class-rooms as lectures on the Transvaluation of Values. All honour is due, then, to Brandes, who recognised, before it was too late to give the philosopher pleasure by his recognition, the vast and far-reaching significance of Nietzscheanism.

TRANSLATOR.

LETTER I.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 26th, 1887.

DEAR SIR,

A year ago your publisher sent me your interesting work, *Beyond Good and Evil*, and in the same way I have recently received your newest book. Besides these I have in my possession another book of yours, *Human, all too Human*. I had just sent the two former volumes to the bookbinder when *The Genealogy of Morals* came to hand, so I have not been able to compare it with the others as I intend to do.

I hope by degrees to read everything of yours very carefully. This time I feel that I must express my sincere thanks to you for your gift. I consider it an honour to be known by you, and to be so known that you wish to win me for a reader. Your books bring me in touch with a new and original mind. I do not yet altogether understand what I have read, nor do I exactly grasp your drift. But there is a great deal at first sight with which my own views are in sympathy, such as the underrating of ascetic ideals, the deeply-rooted aversion to democratic mediocrity, and your aristocratic radicalism. Your scorn of a morality of pity is not yet quite clear to me; nor was my line of thought completely at one with yours in your generalisations on Woman as a whole in the other book. You and I are so differently constituted that I experience some difficulty in getting at the back of your thought. In spite of your universality, you are very German in your method of thinking and writing. You are one of the few people with whom I should enjoy a talk.

I know nothing of you personally. I am astonished to see that you are a Professor and Doctor, and I congratulate you on being intellectually so little of the professor. I am equally ignorant of how much you know about myself. My writings merely attempt the solution of certain modest problems. The majority of them only exist in Danish. I have not written in

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German for several years. My best public, I believe, is among the Slav nationalities. I lectured two years running in the French language at Warsaw, and this year in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Thus I endeavour to avoid the grooves of my native country. Though no longer young, I am still one of those men who are devoured by a passion for learning and an insatiable hunger to know everything there is to know. You will never find me, for this reason, unopen to argument, however little I may be able to think and feel with you. I am often stupid, but I am never in the least biassed.

Let me have the pleasure of hearing from you if you think it worth while to write.

Yours gratefully,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER II.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

NICE, Dec. 2nd, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR,

To number a few readers whose opinion I esteem and to have no other readers is exactly in accordance with my wishes. But as far as the last part is concerned, I see that it is never likely to be fulfilled. All the more fortunate am I in that "*Satis sunt pauci*," the *pauci* are not lacking, and never have been lacking.

Among those of them living (to name the ones you will know) are my distinguished friend Jakob Burckhardt; Hans von Bülow, H. Taine, and the Swiss author, Gottfried Keller; among the dead are the old Hegelian Bruno Bauer and Richard Wagner. It is a genuine pleasure to me to know that a good European and apostle of culture like yourself wishes to be of the company. I thank you from my heart for this expression of your goodwill.

Naturally it will involve you in perplexities. I do not doubt myself that my writings still in some degree are "very German." You will feel this all the more strongly, spoilt as you are by your own free and Gallically graceful art of expressing yourself (a genial art compared with mine). In my vocabulary many words have become encrusted with alien salts, and in consequence taste differently to my own palate from what they taste to my readers¹. In the musical scale of my own experience and circumstances the balance has been on the side of a rare, thin, distant pitch as opposed to the normal average. And to speak as an old musician, which I actually am, I have a fine ear for

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crotchets. Finally, what makes my books obscure is my distrust of dialectics, even of arguments. It seems to me that what a man already believes or does not yet believe to be true, depends rather upon his courage and the degree of his courage. (I have seldom the courage to face what I really know.)

The phrase which you make use of, "aristocratic radicalism," is very good. It is the most illuminating, if I may be allowed to say so, that I have ever read with regard to myself.

I hardly dare contemplate how far this method of thinking has carried me or will yet carry me in the realm of thought. But there are roads which once started along permit of no turning back. So I continue to go forward because I must go forward.

My Leipzig publisher shall send you all my earlier books *en bloc*, that nothing be left undone on my side to simplify your entry into my subterranean vault, in other words, my philosophy. Especially would I recommend you to read all the fresh prefaces. (The books are nearly all new editions.) These prefaces read consecutively may perhaps throw light on me, provided that I am not darkness itself and dark to myself, *obscurissimus obscurorum virorum*, which is quite possible.

I wonder if you are musical. A choral work of mine with orchestra is just being published, called "A Hymn to Life." * It is designed to go down to posterity as my "musical remains," and to be sung in my memory, if enough of me is left to be remembered. You see on what posthumous prospects I am existing. A philosophy like mine resembles a tomb. One lives in it no longer. *Bene vixit qui bene latuit* is written on the grave of Descartes. That is an epitaph with a vengeance.

I, too, wish that we could meet.

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

N.B.—I am staying this winter in Nice. My summer address is Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine, Switzerland. I have given up my Professorial Chair. I am three parts blind.

LETTER III.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 15th, 1887.

DEAR SIR,

The last words of your postscript are those which left the deepest impression on me in your letter. You suffer from eye trouble. Have you consulted the best oculists? It changes the

* This interesting musical composition of Nietzsche's is to be found in the appendix to the recently published translation of his "Eccē Homo."—

TRANSLATOR.

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whole psychic aspect of life if a man does not see well. You owe it to all who respect and value you to do the utmost for the preservation and improvement of your sight.

I have postponed answering your letter because you mentioned the sending of a present of books, and I should have liked to thank you for these at the same time. But as the parcel has not yet arrived I will write a few lines to-day. I have got your books back from the bookbinder, and though I am busy preparing lectures and have all kind of literary and political work on hand I have snatched as much time as I possibly could to plunge deeply into their contents.

Dec. 17th.

You may call me a good European if you like, but I am less willing to be dubbed an "apostle of culture." All apostolic mission-work has become to me an abomination; I am acquainted with only moralising missionaries, and I am afraid that I am not altogether orthodox in my belief as to what is understood by culture. Is there anything at all inspiring in our culture taken as a whole, and who can conceive of an apostle without inspiration? You see that I am more isolated than you think. As for being German, I simply meant that you write for yourself, and in writing think more of pleasing yourself than of pleasing the great public, while the majority of non-German writers have to force themselves into a sort of stereotyped style which may be clearer and more plastic, but tends to become shallow instead of deep. It necessitates the author's keeping his best and most intimate self for himself alone. I am often appalled at how little of my inner self is more than merely indicated in my writings.

I have no real understanding of music. Sculpture and painting are the arts of which I have some idea, and to which I owe my deepest artistic impressions. My ear is undeveloped. That it is so was a great grief to me in my youth. I once played a good deal, and for several years studied theory, but without any success. I am capable of enjoying good music very thoroughly, but am one of the uninitiated.

I fancy I trace in your works certain points of agreement in our tastes, a preference for Beyle,* for example, and for Taine; I have not seen the latter for seventeen years. I don't know whether I am quite so charmed with his work on the Revolution as you appear to be. To him it is a lamentable upheaval, an earthquake that gives him copy for harangues and jeremiads.

I made use of the phrase "aristocratic radicalism," because it expresses so precisely my own political convictions. But it rather hurts me to find in your writings that you dismiss such phenomena as Socialism and Anarchism with summary violence.

* Henri Beyle, the novelist who wrote under the pseudonym of Stendhal.—
TRANSLATOR.

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There is nothing stupid, for instance, in the anarchy of a Prince Kropotkin. The name, of course, counts for nothing.

Your intellect, so dazzling as a rule in its brilliance, seems to me to fall short when truth is to be sought in the nuances of a subject.

Your reflections on the origin of the moral idea are of the deepest interest to me. To my delighted amazement you share a certain resentment that I harbour for Herbert Spencer. He stands, with us, for the God of Philosophy. One distinct advantage these Englishmen generally possess is that their unsoaring mind shirks hypotheses, while on the other hand hypothesis has lost German philosophy the command of the world. Is there not much that is hypothetical in your notion of caste distinctions as the source of various moral ideas?

I know Rée whom you attack; I met him in Berlin. He was a quiet man, and in his way a distinguished personality, but he had a somewhat dry and limited brain. He lived (according to his own account purely on platonic terms) with a quite young and very intelligent Russian woman, who a year or two ago published a book, *Der Kampf um Gott*, which, however, could give no idea of her really fine gifts. I am looking forward to the arrival of the works you promise me. I shall be glad if you do not lose sight of me in the future.

Yours,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER IV.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

NICE, January 8th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

You should not repudiate the expression "apostle of culture." How can anyone be such a thing in these days more than by making a mission of his unbelief in culture? Does it not imply a degree of self-knowledge and self-conquest which to-day is culture itself to have realised that our modern culture is a monstrous problem, and not by any means a solution?

I am at a loss to understand why my books haven't yet reached you. I will not fail to give them a reminder at Leipzig. These publishing gentlemen at Christmas-time are apt to lose their heads. In the meantime may I be permitted to convey to you an audacious and unique document over which no publisher has yet the control, an *ineditum* that belongs to the most personal stuff which I am capable of producing. It is the fourth part of my *Zarathustra*. Properly speaking, its title in relation to what has preceded it and is to follow should be

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Zarathustra's Temptation; an Interlude. Perhaps this will be the best answer to your question concerning my problem of pity; besides, it will serve the purpose of a secret door which opens up a gangway to me, always providing that he who passes through the door has *your* eyes and ears.

Your treatise on Zola, like everything I know of yours (the last by you that I have read is an essay in the *Goethe Year-Book*) reminds me most pleasantly that you have a natural bent for every description of psychological optics. When you calculate the difficult sum of the *âme moderne* you are just as much in your element as a German *savant* when he attempts it is out of his. Or it may be, your opinion of present-day Germans is more favourable than mine. To me it seems that year after year, with regard to *res psychologicis*, they become ever clumsier and more angular (the exact opposite of the Parisians, who are all nuances and mosaic work), and so all profound events escape them. Take, for example, my *Beyond Good and Evil*. What bewilderment it has caused them. I have not heard of a single intelligent utterance about it, much less of an intelligent sentiment. I believe that it has not dawned on the most well-intentioned of my readers that here is the outcome of a sane philosophic sensibility, and not a medley of a hundred outworn paradoxes and heterodoxies. Not a soul has experienced the same sort of thing as I have. I never meet anyone who has been through a thousandth part of the same passionate struggle. An Immoralist, forsooth! It conveys nothing to anybody.

By the way, in one of their prefaces the phrase *Document humain* is claimed by the Goncourts. Yet for all that, Taine may still be the original coiner thereof. You are right about "harangues and jeremiads," but that kind of Don Quixotism belongs to all that is most honourable on the face of the earth.

With expressions of my highest regards,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

LETTER V.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 11th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Your publisher has apparently forgotten to send me your promised books. But I have received your letter to-day, and thank you for it. I venture to send you in proof (because, unfortunately, I have no other copy at hand) one of my books, a collection of essays intended for exportation abroad, so for that reason not my best wares. They date from different periods,

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and are all too full of chivalry, praise, and idealism. Never in any of them do I give voice wholly to my true opinions. The essay on Ibsen is the best, but the translation of the verses which was done for me is unfortunately wretched.

There is a Northern writer whose works would interest you if they were but translated, Sören Kierkegaard. He lived from 1813 to 1855, and is in my opinion one of the profoundest psychologists to be met with anywhere. A little book which I have written about him (the translation published at Leipzig in 1879) gives no exhaustive idea of his genius, for the book is a kind of polemical tract written with the purpose of checking his influence. It is, nevertheless, from a psychological point of view the finest work I have published. The essay in the *Goethe Year-Book* was, worse luck, made a third shorter because the space had been reserved for me. It is better in Danish for that reason. If by any chance you read Polish, I will send you a little book which I have published only in that language. I see that the new *Rivista Contemporanea* of Florence has an article of mine on Danish literature. Pray don't read it. It is full of the most exasperating blunders, being translated from the Russian. I consented to its being translated into Russian from my French text, but I was unable to supervise the translation. So now it appears from the Russian in Italian with fresh absurdities, among other errors, always G for H in names because of the Russian pronunciation. It rejoices me to think that you can find anything useful in me. For the last four years I have been the best hated man in the North. The newspapers rage furiously at me every day, especially since my last long feud with Björnson, in which the moral German press has without exception taken sides against me. You may know his ridiculous drama, *The Gauntlet*; his propaganda for the chastity of men, and his compact with the female advocates of equality of the sexes. Anything of the kind was, of course, unheard of here before. In Sweden these shrieking viragoes have formed leagues, and take vows that they will only marry "virginal men." It strikes me that they will get their husbands guaranteed like watches, but with the future guarantee left out. The three of your books which I know, I have read over and over again. There are a few bridges that connect my inner world with yours, such as Cæsarism, hatred of pedantry, the appreciation of Beyle, &c., but for the most part it is all foreign to me. Our experiences seem to have been as wide as the poles asunder.

You are of all modern German authors, without a doubt, the most suggestive and worth reading. As for German literature, I cannot think what is the matter with it! It seems as if all the finest brains must be absorbed by the Army Staff or have gone into politics. The whole manner of life and all your institutions

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promote among you the most ghastly uniformity and even authorship seems to be asphyxiated by publishing.

With sentiments of honour and regard,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER VI.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

NICE, Feb. 19th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

You have put me in your debt in the most agreeable way possible with your treatise on the idea of "modernity." For during this very winter I am circling round the question which stands in the first rank as one worthy of consideration. I am trying to the best of my ability, in as unmodern a way as can be, to take a very cursory bird's-eye, retrospective survey of things modern. I admire—let me confess it—your toleration in criticism and your reticence in judgment. How you "suffer the little ones to come unto you," even Heyse.*

I intend on my next journey into Germany to tackle Kierkegaard's psychological problems, and to renew my acquaintance with your older literature. That will be of use to me in the best sense of the word, and will serve to cajole my own critical harshness and arrogance into a good temper. Yesterday my publisher telegraphed to me that he had sent off the books. I will spare you and myself the explanation of why this has come to pass so late in the day. Make the best of a bad business, my dear Sir. I mean of this Nietzschean literature.

For my part I rather fancy that I have given these "New Germans" the richest, most vital, and independent books that they possess, and at the same time I claim that my personality stands for a supreme event at the present crisis in our estimating of values. But this may be an error, and, what is more, a piece of crass stupidity. I don't want to be forced to believe in myself.

A few remarks now relating to my first-born work (*Juvenilia* and *Juvenalia*). The pamphlet against Strauss, a malicious "making merry" on the part of an extreme free-thinker at the expense of one who imagined himself to be a free-thinker, stirred up a tremendous scandal. At that time I was already *Professor ordinarius*, despite my tender age of twenty-seven years, and in consequence a kind of authority, something recognised, as it were.

The most ingenuous account of this controversy in which

* Paul Heyse, a veteran German dramatist, writer of *Novellen*, popular in the last century.—TRANSLATOR.

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every notability took part for or against me, and over which an enormous quantity of ink was spilled, is in the second volume of Karl Hillebrand's *Zeiten, Volker und Menschen*. The head and front of my offending was not so much that I held up to ridicule the exploded machinery of an amazing method of criticism, but that I should catch out German taste in a flagrant and compromising lack of taste. Teutonic taste had, in spite of all religious and party differences, been unanimous in admiration of Strauss's *Old and New Faith*, pronouncing it a masterpiece of acuteness and freedom of thought, and even of style. My pamphlet was the first attack on German culture, that culture which it was boasted had conquered France. A phrase of mine, "Culture-philistine," survived the thrusts of violent polemical controversy, and has taken root in the language. The two essays on Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner represent, it appears to me to-day, more self-confessions, above all, more avowals of self, than any real psychology of those masters who were both related to me as intimately as they were antagonistically. I was the first to distil, as it were, out of them both, a kind of unity. At present this superstition is very much in the foreground of German culture. All Wagnerites are disciples of Schopenhauer. It was quite the other way when I was young. In those days it was the last of the Hegelians who rallied round Wagner. And "Wagner and Hegel" was the battle-cry of the 'fifties.

Between *Thoughts out of Season* and *Human, all too Human* there lies a crisis and a skin-casting. Moreover, I lay physically for years at the gates of death. This was, positively, a great piece of good fortune. I forgot myself, lived myself down. And I have accomplished the same feat a second time. Thus it comes about that you and I have exchanged courtesies. I think we are a pair of wanderers in the wilderness who are glad to have met each other.

With true regards, I remain,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

(*To be continued.*)

The Truth About White Slavery

By Teresa Billington-Greig

THE Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1912 was carried by stories of the trapping of girls. The sudden clamour for legislation to which that Act was yielded was created almost entirely by the statement that unwilling, innocent girls were forcibly trapped; that by drugs, by false messages, by feigned sickness, by offers of or requests for help and assistance, girls were spirited away and never heard of again; that these missing girls, often quite young children, were carried off to flats and houses of ill-fame, there outraged and beaten, and finally transported abroad to foreign brothels under the control of large vice syndicates.

There have been so many of these stories, and in nature they have been so disturbing that thousands of simple souls have been filled with alarm and dismay, a fierce wave of anger has been evoked leading to a re-introduction of flogging, and Parliament, the pulpit, and the press, the three chief public agents of irrational emotion, have all responded to the sense of horror called forth. Without this campaign of terrible tales the public would not have been moved, without it the House of Commons would not have re-introduced the barbarity of flogging. For it served to drive out of the national mind the proved commonplace that the law is of very little value in the underworld of sexual trading. The law and the policeman have been shown by long experience to have no educative and little preventive power. It has been established that the more severe you make your deterrent punishment the more cunning and subtlety you develop in those who have to evade it.

Hence the ordinary citizen who detests exploited prostitution has no unbalanced desire for legislation at any price. He, or she, is prepared to face the inescapable

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truth that the causes of this evil cannot be touched by law, however perfectly conceived, however perfectly administered. Those who are obsessed by a frenzy for legislative measures achieve contentment—and futility. The slow way is the only way of advance here: education, a changed social outlook, a gradual reorganisation of economic conditions, these may remove such causes as are within our control. And not the wisest of us can prophesy but that we shall find the primary cause will baffle us at the end.

But for those of strong feeling these stories of trapping temporarily altered the appearance of the problem. By means of them it was made to appear as though neither education in sex matters, nor a rational teaching of morality, nor the exercise of circumspection, would avail the ordinary girl for the ordinary circumstances of life. She might be carried off against her will at any time. Before this revelation the forces of reason and experience were routed, and the cry went up for legislation, for a law of some kind, of any-kind, at once. It is in the light of this fact that the statements as to such trapping must be examined.

To one who, like myself, has learned the value of evidence and the need for the verification of statements made in emotional movements, there were several remarkable features of this epidemic of terrible rumours. First came the element of number. The stories were so numerous and reported incidents which were said to have happened within so short a period that a strain was put upon the credulity of the most willing believer. In the second place the stories were of an extraordinary nature. Many of them were clearly incredible—unless the whole general public were in the conspiracy. Many suggested that the girls reported as trapped must be either limbless cripples or mental deficient, and others took it for granted that any man could control, govern, and dominate any woman wherever they might be. Then what was apparently the same story reappeared again and again in various forms. The detestable final tag, "The door opened. It was the girl's father!" was varied by "Her own brother came into the room!" or "A young man friend stood before her flushed with shame. He got her

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out." The hospital nurse of one tale became the Sister of Mercy or the Rescue Worker of its fellow. The fainting lady fainted in front of three separate West End establishments. The tales of drugged handkerchiefs, sweets, and flowers had so many variants as to create the impression that the homes of the country must be decimated of their daughters by drugging.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the stories was that they were all offered second or third hand, except in the cases in which an individual described what he or she regarded as a suspicious circumstance, which, being once reported, began to circulate as a certainty. There was never a first-hand statement signed, or sworn before a magistrate, or deposited with some responsible body. When a story was questioned it was repeated with emphasis; this was supposed to be proof enough. At most, the person challenged quoted the name of a more prominent person as a believer in the story, and clearly regarded this as fully satisfactory.

Generally, one would not think it necessary to point out how useless such personal guarantees are without evidence to support them. They prove nothing. When some lady or gentleman of position writes or states that such a tale of horror is true we must admit their honest conviction of its truth. But we cannot be expected to know the value of that conviction until we know by what methods the tale has been tested, and what are the characters and qualifications of those supplying the story or verifying it. All such requisite assurances as these have been utterly wanting, and instead of them we have had proof of flagrant carelessness in the use of figures and a persistent use of the most unjustified assumptions. The campaign has been conducted wholly upon such lines, in marked contrast with the course of action taken by the late W. T. Stead, whose revelations were supported by signed or sworn statements obtained from victims and their attendants and from fellow investigators.

A full twelve months ago I suggested to members of the Pass the Bill Committee the necessity for careful investigation as a preliminary to the campaign of urgency upon which they were just embarking. This suggestion was repeated and ignored, and later I learnt by an inadver-

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tence that an inquirer applying to the Committee for one proved case of trapping could not be satisfied. In these circumstances I undertook an inquiry myself.

The objects I have kept in view have been to investigate alleged cases of trapping or attempted trapping of girls, to discover whether any large proportion of those publicly identified with the agitation had any personal experience of trapping, and to provide a collection of facts from which some approximate idea of the frequency of trapping could be deduced. The scope of the inquiry is defined by the employment of the word "trapping." If unwilling girls can be carried off in broad daylight by force, drugs, or false messages, I should call that trapping. I know that there is a broad, debatable ground between this type of case and seduction, occupied by false advertisement cases, beguilement and decoying cases, in which the victim is more or less a consenting party. But the new Act was not won upon these, and they form a subject too wide to be dealt with now.

All the letters, forms, and documents relative to this inquiry have been carefully preserved. They are now placed for three months in the hands of the Editor of *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*, where they may be examined by any social worker or public or society representative.

Speakers and writers prominent in the counsels of the various agitating societies may be first considered. They were approached and asked whether they were personally acquainted with any fully proved cases of trapping or attempted trapping. If they had made definite allegations they were asked for their authorities and full details, and a guarantee was given that no particulars likely to lead to the identification of victims or their relatives would be published.

Eighteen speakers received such letters. Of these, seven have not yet replied, although stamped addressed envelopes were enclosed with all inquiries; two women have supplied information; one member of Parliament has referred me to another, and that other to the police; two persons have referred me to the National Vigilance Association; and names and addresses for verification of statements given have been refused by four. A total of five assert that they know that trapping exists. The cases

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given by the two who supplied information include one case of suspicion of trapping and two of alleged attempted trapping by motor car. According to the first story, two girls were observed in charge of a woman dressed like a Rescue Worker on Sheffield station in October last, one of the girls appearing dazed, while the other was asleep. The lady responsible for the story spoke to the woman of the party and was answered curtly. This roused her suspicion, and she sought the stationmaster. Failing to find him, she pointed out the group to a ticket inspector from another platform. When she returned with this official the three were gone. Their luggage was marked both Pontefract and Liverpool. The story suggests to me some weary Irish travellers who had crossed the channel in disagreeable weather and were on their way to Pontefract. But all is too vague to prove or disprove anything. The girls were not spoken to, and the lady does not say whether any trains left that or an adjacent platform during her absence. Yet when I question her deductions, she asks me if it has never occurred to me "to investigate the truth of murder." But surely in the latter case there is a corpse!

The other cases are supplied by a lady who is a member of the Pass the Bill Committee, and a speaker, and are given in support of her statement that the motor-car was being increasingly used for the trapping of girls. She claims to have investigated two cases in Richmond district and to have heard of others, but she gives no names or addresses for verification, although she supplies information and references upon another point. One of the gentlemen written to, a knight, told a story of the trapping of an innocent girl by a man and a woman, who seized her in the public street, and walked her off between them. The girl appealed to a shopkeeper and a policeman, but by representing the girl to be insane the couple got off with their victim. In his speech the knight said the story was vouched for by an eminent barrister; in his letter he refuses to disclose this name. Another gentleman says that it is within his own personal knowledge that attempts have been made to abduct girls and women by motor-car and other vehicles, but refuses to supply either instances or proof, saying that he "is engaged in the verification of

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certain facts for certain definite ends," and "cannot give away information." Proof tardily sought is evidently to be reserved for the elect! This correspondent admits the existence of many myths, but claims that "there is a substratum of truth, and the truth is bad."

An application to a K.C., asking whether I could purchase or consult the report of a conjoint committee which he referred to in a speech as having "revealed and brought to light a condition of things that was very appalling and barely credible," was thought to be sufficiently answered by a reference to the reply of the secretary of the association to which he adhered, although it contained no single word bearing on this report.

Among writers, those obviously dealing in fiction or sensationalism were ignored unless the obvious fiction was presented as a fact. A number of those approached because of written statements were correspondents of *The Awakener* (a journal dealing wholly with the social evil, which was started in November of last year from the office of The Men's Society for Women's Rights); others had written independently. A series of important questions upon unsigned statements contained in this paper were put to the editor, a Mr. Jamrach, and he was asked to forward letters to certain correspondents who could not otherwise be traced. Up to the present time he has not only refrained from acknowledgment or reply, but he has returned the letters sent for forwarding with the statement that he does "not know the addresses"! As each of these correspondents reports a case or cases of trapping or attempted trapping, or retails stories of well-known procurers, this editorial statement is illuminating.

The cases covered in these letters or unsigned paragraphs include the story of the Hampstead hairdresser's daughter, also given in a letter to *The Standard*, two cases of the fainting lady device, a motor-car attempt at Shepherd's Bush, several cases of drugging, and the story of the sham hospital nurse.

The Hampstead hairdresser's daughter was alleged to have been carried off in a motor-car from her father's shop by a man who brought a false message purporting to be

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from a regular customer. *The Awakener* refers to the case in a paragraph opening, "We are investigating a case sent to our office from the Hampstead district," and concluding "We hope next week to give the fullest details of this dastardly crime." The week following, January 25th, 1913, there appears the statement, "As our investigations are not yet completed we cannot give details of the Hampstead case this week." It has not been referred to since. On April 30th, in reply to my application, the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis states that :

"nothing is known by the police of the reported case of kidnapping referred to, and I may add that other similar stories—published in the Press—which have been investigated, have been found to be altogether without foundation."

The case of the fashionably dressed woman who feigned illness "at a West End establishment recently," and the case of a woman dressed as a nurse who, in the temporary absence of the mother, rushed up to two young girls in another West End establishment and spirited them away by means of a tale of an accident, may be presumed to be included under the above official repudiation, with all their variants, since they have been extensively circulated all over the Metropolis by means of publications and word of mouth. Variants are retailed in the precious paper above mentioned, but a request for the name of the establishments, the dates of the occurrences and the names and addresses of the bereaved parents, has elicited no reply.

Then come the cases of missing girls. In this paper, as well as in a letter addressed to his parishioners by the Rector of Heywood, it is implied that all untraced missing girls are the victims, and the unwilling victims, of White Slave Traders. Now, I was myself a runaway from home when I was seventeen, and left my parents to discover my whereabouts by indirect channels. Hence I can assure those who cannot conceive how such circumstances arise, although gifted with particularly vivid imaginations in the matter of White Slavery, that there are hundreds of feasible reasons why girls and women should desire to leave their homes, and dozens that will explain why, having left home, they may desire to remain undiscovered. It is positively

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nauseating that we should have cases and statistics of girls missing from home quoted with solemn tone and finger pointing to the brothel, as though there and only there could they be.

The Rector of Heywood was approached with the request that he would supply one proved case of a trapped girl carried away against her will by White Slave Traders. He replies that :

"The statement of the Home Secretary seems to me quite sufficient proof of the assertions made."

Are we to assume that in spite of plain, categorical questions the Rector does not know that it is not the figures supplied by the Home Secretary that are in question, but the deductions unjustifiably drawn from them?

As spicy morsels of horror the disappearances of girls are chronicled in *The Awakener*, and among them appear cases from St. Leonards, Chesterfield, and Cardiff, which I attempted to investigate. The editor has not replied to my questions; the Cardiff Chief Constable replied that he could not supply the information sought; and the St. Leonards case is still in hand. The Chief Constable of Chesterfield replies :

"In this case there is nothing more serious than a wilful girl leaving home without previous notice and going to visit her brother in a distant town."

The notice that the girl was missing appeared on February 15th; the Chief Constable's reply is dated April 26th, since which I have missed two numbers of the paper. But in no case to my knowledge after the case of a missing girl has been exploited has there appeared any later statement to say that she has been found.

Then there comes the extraordinary Bath tale of attempted drugging. It is reported that a girl, while walking with a friend, was approached by a well-dressed man, who, after asking the way to the Midland Station, inquired whether she would take a note to an address in Weston. The girl consented, but called at home first, and went on to the place accompanied by her father. "They found the house apparently unoccupied, for they could get no response. Opening the letter, they found that it contained

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the words, 'Chloroform bearer if necessary.'" This sinister paragraph concludes, "A similar incident, it is stated, occurred recently in the same neighbourhood."

The reply of the Chief Constable of Bath is a detailed report by his Detective Sergeant, which runs:

"In February last a statement appeared in a local newspaper that an attempt had been made to kidnap a girl in this city. No complaint was ever received by the police, but on seeing the above-named account every inquiry was made . . . but without success, and as far as could be ascertained there was no foundation for the report which appeared in the papers.

"Shortly before this appeared in the newspaper a lady reported that she had been chloroformed by someone from behind her whilst walking in the streets here, and on inquiries being made it was found that this lady's mind was unbalanced, and she is now in an institution."

There seems to be no need for further comment upon the terrifying Bath case.

A correspondent who tells a fainting lady tale does not reply to my inquiry for facts. Attempts have been made to supply me with proof of two cases of drugging, one in Paris, and one in an Edinburgh to Manchester train, but the gentleman who had reported the tales and supplied the names of persons who might know more about them than he did would not allow his name to be used in prosecuting the inquiry. The Paris case, it was admitted, might have been one of robbery only. It is corroborated by a lady, who says: "A cousin of mine was told it by the friend who met the girl" at the station. The other case after application to the police and the reference given has ended in a blind alley.

All representatives or officials of vigilance or kindred societies replied to my letter. Miss Martindale, of the Church Army, stated that she was "not able to give the information asked for, as all inquiries made by the Army are confidential." Mrs. Percy Bigland, of the Pass the Bill Committee, which issued literature specifically stating that girls were trapped for this trade, was content to reply that:

"Our Committee was formed as an urgency Committee to press forward the Criminal Law Amendment Bill of last year, and not to investigate,"

and to refer me to other bodies for facts. With the record of this Committee in mind, any other reply would have

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come as a surprise. Mr. Bairstow, replying for the Rev. F. B. Meyer and the Central South London Free Church Council, says that :

"We have not recently come across any cases of the forcible trapping of unwilling girls, but we have at present detectives working in co-operation with us who are taking measures at railway stations to discover cases of this kind."

The need for evidence would appear to have been discovered after the allegations have been made and the Act safely passed !

Only two officials supply instances of trapping in support of their literature or statements—Miss Mackenzie for the Ladies' National Association, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth for the Salvation Army; seven cases from the former and four from the latter. The seven comprise a variant of the fainting lady tale, two apparent enticements of ignorant travellers, the story of an inexperienced servant girl who was prevented from letting a "flashy man" take her out to lunch, a Port Said attempt vouched for by "a gentleman of the party," a case of "a good many years ago" of a procurer who posed as a lady's maid at Victoria Station, and the case of a German girl approached in the waiting-room of a London terminus by a well-dressed woman who asked her to translate a soiled letter in French and then invited her home to rest until train time. All of these were frustrated attempts, and none of them could be accepted without access to signed or sworn testimony, which is not offered. Miss Mackenzie says that she has letters or gives names in corroboration of these stories, but this is not sufficient. We want to know what part these corroborators played in the incidents, or if they played any part at all. In one case, the last-named, the reference given was actually in charge of the German girl. She replies to my questions :

"We all felt sure this was an attempt to trap my friend. She is a very handsome, striking girl. She was at once suspicious of the woman, and drew her on."

From which there is only one conclusion : that until we know how far this suspicious young German "drew on" the strange lady who asked her to translate an old letter in French, we cannot be sure whether the invitation that followed was given in good faith or bad.

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Mrs. Bramwell Booth's cases are: one false advertisement case from France, one beautiful Italian beguiled to Australia by promises of employment and wealth, and one German girl "enticed" over to London and taken to a bad house from which she could not escape, although she was able to dispatch a post-card asking for help. It will be observed that all the victims are foreigners. Is this accidental, or because native victims are not available? But the only case supplied which appears to fall within the scope of the inquiry is the remaining one, which I quote almost in full:

"A young man went to *Holborn* station to meet his sister, who was coming from Germany to keep house for him. . . . On several occasions he had been late at business, and had been told by his manager that if it occurred again he would be dismissed. On the particular morning . . . he had not felt it necessary to say he would be late, as the train was due at the station at a much earlier hour than he needed to be at business. . . . However, the train was very late . . . the young man saw that . . . he must go off and leave his sister to go alone to the house. . . . A man on the station seemed to take in the position, and asked the young fellow if he had come to meet someone. He explained matters, whereupon the man offered to meet the sister upon arrival and take her to her destination. The young man thanked him, and thought that all would be well. But his sister has never been heard of since!"

I sought further enlightenment by asking at which *Holborn* station the girl from Germany was expected to arrive, whether she was coming willingly to keep house for her brother, what was his name and address, what evidence the Salvation Army had that his story was true, what was the date of the disappearance, and when the Army was last in touch with the young man?

I am now told that

"The young man . . . is not willing for his sister's case to be made public or details given further."*

As the latest reports of the National Vigilance Association supplied me by Mr. Coote, the secretary, did not contain any cases of forcible trapping, I wrote asking if any could be supplied to me direct. He replied:

"The reason why no reference is made to cases of that kind is that we have not had any such to deal with. . . . During the last twelve months many painful stories have been in circulation respecting the decoy-

* Mrs. Booth is responsible also for the story of the fifteen young English girls who were carried off to Buenos Ayres in November last. She informed me that this case had been "dealt with" from Scotland Yard, but the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis states that it was investigated and found to be "without foundation."

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ing and drugging of young women. In each such case reported to this office endeavours have been made to get at the correct facts, but I was not successful in tracing any one of these rumours to its source."

Anxious, it may be, to save the credit of his colleagues and co-workers, he adds:

"It does not follow that the particular cases referred to did not happen. . . . I have little doubt that the stories told were based on actual facts. . . ."

Similar crushing testimony against the alarmists is supplied by Mrs. Hunter, secretary of the National Vigilance Association of Scotland, who states:

"We have not come across any cases of forcible trapping of unwilling girls for the White Slave Traffic. . . . We were not acquainted with White Slave Traffickers working from Glasgow before the passing of the Act of 1912, nor, so far as we and others who are keeping a careful watch know, are there any working from Glasgow. . . . I may add that we have heard of various cases of attempted trapping which have *invariably* been impossible of proof through those who profess to have knowledge of them saying the friend from whom they got the information does not want to be brought into it. Comment is unnecessary."

Thus it appears that the official vigilance societies do not countenance these terrible tales with which the country has been inundated. Their acting officers have no knowledge of this class of case. Yet outside of the police courts and the brothels themselves, no persons can claim to have more opportunity. If they have no proved cases to offer, what must be thought of the individuals who glibly quote stories which they cannot prove upon the authority of the associations that do not profess to have any to prove? The honour of the associations may come unscathed from this inquiry, but what about the honour of these individuals?

But this is not all. To the foregoing weighty pronouncements we must add the equally weighty opinion of Assistant Commissioner F. S. Bullock, the Central Authority in England for the Repression of the White Slave Traffic. I was referred to him by Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., when I asked for authentication of statements made in the Commons. I am afraid that there is little support for Mr. Lee's views in Mr. Bullock's reply to my questions. He says:

"I cannot call to mind a single case of the forcible trapping of a girl or a woman by drugs, false messages, or physical force during the last ten years that has been authenticated or proved. I should say such cases were very rare indeed. . . . The average number of cases of procuration in London is about three per annum, and none of these are really cases of trapping."

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In reply to a definite question embodying a phrase used in the House of Commons by Mr. Lee, he replies :

"I do not agree that White Slave Traffickers swarmed in London before the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill."

And with scrupulous fairness he adds :

"A considerable number of men, chiefly foreigners, who live on the prostitution of women and are *suspected* of being procurers have certainly left their usual haunts in London since the passing of the Act."

But this surely may be due to their desire to escape the rigour of the new Act against those who live upon the immoral earnings of women. This offence is entered against them; the other is only suspected. Most of us would prefer a change of residence to the risk of flogging. Having answered my questions categorically, Mr. Bullock continues :

"I should like to say that, of course, I have heard of stories, especially since the agitation about the Act of 1912 began, about girls being trapped or decoyed away. I have made searching inquiries into every case in which any really tangible fact, capable of being tested, has been given, and I have never yet been satisfied of the truth of a single one of these stories. Every story has melted away at the application of any serious test. Most of the stories are the result of hysteria or nerves."

He concludes :

"There is no doubt great exaggeration upon the subject of the White Slave Traffic, though, of course, there are some such cases. . . ."

After these repudiations from the inside, those who desire the public to accept their stories will have to produce very conclusive evidence indeed.

To this evidence from specialists must be added the utter lack of personal acquaintance with the trade or any of its manifestations which is revealed by the returns from social and public workers. Sixty forms containing four questions were sent out, and thirty-nine returns received, of which three were blank for such reasons as the addressees being abroad. Of the rest there is only one, a magistrate, who does not give either a categorical negative or a reply of general negative significance to the two questions :

1. Have you in your public work or private life met with an instance of the trapping of a young girl for the White Slave traffic?
2. Have you met with any fully proved case of attempted trapping?

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The exception, a Glasgow Bailie, supplies full details of a case of seduction under promise of marriage, in which the girl was afterwards constrained by the man to earn money on the streets. This Bailie says:

"On the general question, from my experience I should say that for one that is decoyed into a life of this kind . . . one hundred are starved into it."

So that the solitary exception is really not an exception. He has no case of trapping to quote, and his evidence tends strongly against its frequency.

The remaining respondents include eight Wardens of Women's Settlements, London and provincial, of whom only one qualifies her reply by saying, "I have occasionally gone to the rescue of some girl who I felt sure was in danger of being trapped, but the danger has been too indefinite. . . ." She adds, "The danger to our girls is much more from a low standard of morality than from any attempts to entrap or kidnap them." The officials of girls' clubs are similarly unanimous. One states: "We have only recently come here." Two unqualified negatives come from the Chairman of the National Organisation of Girls' Clubs, and also from the Convener of the Preventive and Rescue Committee of the N.U.W.W., as well as from officials of the Women's Co-operative Guild, women's trade unions, employment bureaux, and emigration societies. Three magistrates, a man and woman city councillors, and two women Poor Law Guardians reply in the same terms, as do a miscellaneous group of others.

The two police court workers approached are entirely without knowledge of this phase of evil. Mr. Thomas Holmes, of the Howard Association, and twenty-three years a Police Court Missionary, replies with "Never" twice repeated. He writes:

"You will notice that I say that I have never known of a girl being trapped. I have never even heard of one, excepting through common report."

"I have had nearly thirty years' connection with the police courts, the prisons, and the sweated women of London, and my own conviction is that the matter is grossly exaggerated."

Mrs. Eleanor Carey, sixteen years Police Court Missionary and Probation Officer at Thames Police Court, is equally emphatic. She says:

CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT INQUIRY.

	Edin- burgh.	Glasgow.	Southampton.	Portsmouth.	Stoke-on-Trent.	Leeds.	Bath.
SECTION A.							
1. How many girls and women were reported missing during 1912?	50 & 88	90 & 143	13 & 22	50	4	—	—
2. How many were traced?	28 & 31	67 & 92	All	49	All	{ Invariably traced }	All
3. How many were proved to have fallen into the hands of procurers?	None	None	None	1 Abducted	None	None	—
4. Do responsible persons always inform police when relatives reported missing communicate with them or return home?	No	No	Generally	Yes	Generally	{ Asked to do so }	—
5. How many boys and men were reported missing during 1912?	129 & 69	256 & 239	52	72	—	—	—
6. How many were traced?	80 & 43	180 & 143	All	70	{ All except absconding husbands }	{ All except absconding offenders }	{ }
7. How many girls and women were reported missing during the first three months of (a) 1912?	11 & 26	26 & 33	6 & 3	13	None	—	—
(b) 1913?	23 & 31	33 & 50	5 & 5	7	None	—	—
SECTION B.							
1. Before the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912, were the police authorities acquainted with any known or suspected procurers with whom they could not interfere because they did not then possess the power of arrest on suspicion? If so, how many?	No	No	{ No residents, but suspected persons passed through }	No	No	No	No
2. Were these procurers known to carry on an organised traffic in trapped and deceived girls?	—	No	No	—	—	No	—
3. Have any of these persons been arrested since the passing of the Act?	—	—	No	No	—	—	—
4. Have any left the country?	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5. What methods of trapping girls have been employed by procurers within the experience of the police?	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SECTION C.							
1. Please give the total number of prosecutions under the Act since it came into force	7	43	1	35	1	—	—
2. How many of these were for procuring?	None	None	None	None	None	None	None
3. How many for living upon the immoral earnings of women?	7	38	1	10	1	4	1
4. How many of the latter were instituted by the women themselves?	1	10	None	1	None	—	None

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"In every case known to me of a girl being dragged down to life in a brothel, she has been a willing though blind and misguided victim. . . . I have never found reason to believe that any girl is ever forcibly carried off."

The statistics kindly supplied by a number of Chief Constables complete the destruction of this campaign of sedulously cultivated sexual hysterics. Sixteen questions were submitted to the Chiefs of Police of twelve cities and towns. Five replied that the information was not yet available, or that it was contrary to custom to supply it. The authorities replying were Glasgow, Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Southampton, Leeds, Stoke-on-Trent, and Bath. The questions were arranged in three sections. Section A dealt with missing girls and women, and, for comparison, with missing boys and men; section B dealt with the police knowledge of procurers; and section C with the prosecutions under the new Act.

The replies show that, in 1912, 74 per cent. of missing girls and 64 per cent. of missing women were traced in Glasgow, as compared with 70 per cent. of missing boys and 59 per cent. of missing men. In Edinburgh 56 per cent. and 35 per cent. were the proportions of traced girls and women, against 62 per cent. of both men and boys. Portsmouth gives 98 per cent. for traced girls and women, and 97 per cent. for traced men and boys. The Southampton returns show 100 per cent. traced in all cases. For Leeds the actual figures are not given, but the Chief Constable states that "missing persons are invariably traced." Stoke and Bath reply in the same terms as to females and boys, but except absconding husbands and offenders among the men. All but one unite in saying that no missing girls have been found in the hands of procurers. Portsmouth reports one abducted.

These figures dispose of the suggestion that a disproportionate number of girls and women disappear and leave no trace. In every place except Edinburgh the actual number of men and boys missing and untraced exceeds the number of girls and women, and the percentage of traced females is equal to or greater than the percentage of traced males. One may fairly deduce that there is no abnormal cause of disappearance acting in the case of girls and women alone. I am seeking for an explanation of the Edinburgh figures of untraced women. The Chief Con-

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stable states that "the White Slave Traffic is unknown in Edinburgh."

Nor has the new Act made so marked a reduction in the number of missing girls and women as we were led to expect. In Glasgow and Edinburgh the numbers are greater for the first quarter of 1913 than for the same quarter of 1912, the actual rise being 12 and 5 for Edinburgh, and 7 and 17 for Glasgow. In Southampton there was one girl less reported missing, but two more women. In Stoke none were reported missing in the first quarter of either year. Portsmouth shows the only decrease, from 13 to 7. Bath and Leeds return no reply.

Under sections B and C all the Chiefs except one state that the police were not acquainted with any known or suspected procurers whom they could not arrest for lack of power before the passing of the 1912 Act. The exception is Southampton, from which the reply reads: "There were no known or suspected procurers living in the town, but suspected persons often passed through going abroad." This is qualified by "The police here knew of no organised traffic in trapping girls," and the statement that there have been no arrests of these suspects since the Act came into force. All the Chiefs unite in saying that the police know of no organised trapping; all state that there have been no procurers prosecuted under the Act; all but Bath and Leeds give the total number of prosecutions undertaken, which are shown to be chiefly for living on the immoral earnings of women. Thus in Edinburgh we get a total of 7 prosecutions, all in this class; in Glasgow 38 out of 43; in Portsmouth 10 out of 35; in Stoke and Southampton 1 out of 1; in Leeds 4, and Bath 1, out of totals not given.

To all the previous evidence we may add these statistics, the weight of which is entirely against the alarmist campaigners. Indeed, they are now left the choice of two unpleasant admissions: either the Act has failed to achieve the chief purpose for which it was passed, or there was no need to pass it! But they may prefer to argue that the police lacked knowledge of trapping before the Act because of the subtlety of the trappers, but now lack knowledge of it because it no longer exists. But such evasions are useless. The truth is that the structure erected by the

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neuropaths and prudes is reduced to ashes. They are convicted of getting legislation by false pretences.

These dabblers in debauchery by word of mouth have given us a shocking exhibition of unlicensed slander. They have slandered men only to slander women with the backward swing of the same blow. They have discredited themselves. That this exhibition has been possible is due in no small measure to the Pankhurst domination. It prepared the soil; it unbalanced the judgment; it set women on the rampage against evils they knew nothing of, for remedies they knew nothing about. It fed on flattery the silly notion of the perfection of woman and the dangerous fellow notion of the indescribable imperfection of man.

It is no exaggeration to say that these women range man as nearer the devil and the beast than woman. A solitary example will suffice. A letter signed with the initials M. I. appears in *The Awakener* of May 3rd, and contains the paragraph:

"Fortunately, there are still good decent men to keep us from utter despair, though I fear *the greater majority* are of the type of the man who boasted in his club—not many months ago—that he had ruined enough girls to extend in a line from Victoria Station to St. Paul's."

The italics are mine. Fed on such ridiculous scandal-mongering, these women have convinced themselves that a large number of men go regularly and deliberately to a safe and secret place of vice to engage in a pastime that is a life and death struggle to a trapped girl. They do not need evidence. The unspeakable depravity of man convicts him. They scorn questions as to why no such men are brained with fenders, or injured with chairs, pictures, or other articles of furniture; why doors are not barricaded, windows smashed, and the night rent with screams. For just as these neuropaths hold that man is vicious, so do they hold that women are impotent and imbecilic weaklings incapable of resisting him.

The cases of criminal assault upon children are quoted to give an air of credibility to this general condemnation. But there can be no fair comparison between the two classes of crime. In the one case an intemperate degenerate is passion-driven into the sudden commission of an atrocity; in the other, there is a cold-blooded, calculating delibera-

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tion which reduces the matter from bestiality to the worst possible devilishness.

We have achieved nothing for the victims of exploited prostitution by this panic and punitive Act. Those responsible for it may have obtained ease of mind, the selfish satisfaction of having accomplished something. But that is merely the measure of their folly. For the rest they have given emphatic justification to those who question the responsibility of women in public affairs; they have provided arms and ammunition for the enemy of women's emancipation. The Fathers of the old Church made a mess of the world by teaching the Adam story and classing women as unclean; the Mothers of the new Church are threatening the future by the whitewashing of women and the doctrine of the uncleanness of men.

Looby Lights

By the Editor

IF the greatest thing about man is that he is not a woman, so the greatest thing about England is the island, thus separating and differentiating it from all other Powers in Europe, from all other State philosophies, systems, policies, and doctrines, as from that sense engrained upon every schoolboy on the Continent to think internationally. Without a frontier to protect, we use the Atlas only when we go a-holiday-making; when, for what is now known as the Imperial Idea, we have to look up some distant part of the world which has fallen, or is about to fall, within our territorial jurisdiction; or, again, when purely for the love of adventure, we set out on voyages of conquest and discovery, or carry the standard to the Pole. Till the date of the Boer War our position in this respect was unique; we had no friends, we wanted none. Rich beyond the means of any other two Powers put together, safeguarded by a Navy that could have annihilated any triple combination of naval forces, we were accepted as a kind of arbiter in the cause of stricken humanity, and probably the moral power of Gladstone was stronger internationally than that of any statesman who has ever spoken in history on behalf of one nation to another.

Isolation, as we know, vanished with the Transvaal struggle. At the declaration of war, the new Power in Europe revealed itself in all its panoply of strength and intention; European Anglophobia broke out, shattering the long tradition of British invulnerability: we sought Alliances; for the first time we recognised the reality and meaning of the rising German Navy; the King went to Paris, with the result that Bismarck's famous "impossibility" became a reality, and the rancour from Crécy to Fashoda was obliterated from the two people's tablets.

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King Edward's policy is a landmark in European history. From that day our whole conception of foreign policy was changed. We assumed at once the international sense, and we have thought in groups of Powers ever since, as France learnt so to think after her defeat by Prussia, and Bismarck learnt so to think first of all after his victory with the *chasse-pots*. In a word, Bismarck's policy became the reason of European statesmanship, and is so to-day more determinedly than ever, based on the Troglodite doctrine of force as the prop and pillar of peace.

Such being the condition of modern Europe—a condition which may be described roughly as that of two combinations of great racial and economic rival interests and ambitions—the question arises how far we in England are fitted for the novel *rôle* of Continental ally that has been forced upon us—whether, that is, the internal conditions of Government, which have not changed coterminously with our new motive and direction of foreign affairs, are adapted for the part we are now playing on the Continent, which, if it has any justification at all, is a military one. Though the national basis—isolation—of our Foreign Policy has changed, even militarily so, to such an extent that the very margin of superiority in naval fighting power is estimated by the potential values of Alliances, though admittedly economic interest has entirely superseded the old religious, personal, sentimental, princely, or dynastic game of diplomatic intrigue, though at any time and for no obvious cause (as we have just seen) all Europe may be plunged in an utterly senseless and bloodthirsty war, necessarily involving English money and active participation, though we are now no longer an Island Power with an entirely detached and synthetic national policy of our own, but the Great Ally of the greatest military combination the world has ever known—though all this is undeniable, yet there has been no change in the national machinery either of government or its constitution, and little even in casual appreciation of the circumstances which have brought it about.

The two-Party system is still the sole principle ruling politics and authority. Our War Office and Admiralty are still under the direction of civilians, themselves purely

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transitory heads of departments, by profession necessarily Party men, at the mercy always of the majority, which, philosophically viewed, is generally wrong. True continuity of scientific national design is thus rendered impossible, even if it is the fact that the various departments mostly run themselves, regardless of the political views of the gentlemen who control them. That, however, is only partially exact. We owe our Naval superiority largely to the personal zeal of the late Lord Goschen, as we owe the Territories to the meta-stratotal ingeniousness of Lord Haldane. Omission is the chief sin of Ministers, rarely commission. A really strong man either achieves or is found out. Ministerial mediocrity only marks time. But achievement is a dangerous thing in the Party sense, for the simple reason that all Governmental initiative automatically provokes the condemnation of the other side, so that the strongest Minister in the Government is invariably singled out for the brunt of abuse and vilification which is the duty of the Opposition; and so much is this the case that the failure of one dominant figure can bring about the fall of the whole. Our Party system has indeed become so accentuated since the curtailment of the privilege of the Lords that it may be likened to marriage—"the birds without despair of getting in, the birds within despair of getting out." As a game, a career, it is huge fun, no doubt. In the synthetic England of Island Feudalism *versus* Parochialism, it answered admirably. But Mr. Lloyd George has destroyed Feudalism in this country, and parochialism is no longer sufficient. It is not because Bismarckian policy has made it impossible for any first-class European Power to be self-sufficient; because the focus of State wisdom being no longer crowns or crucifixes or boundaries, but world-financial interests and responsibilities, all national purviews have widened from the symbol of the flag to the internationalism of money; because the sustained existence of compulsory national armies tends to render nugatory what should be the quintessential reason of all sane government, prosperity and order in the home.

Economically first, idealistically secondly—which are the two principles of orthodox Liberalism. In France, oddly enough, the same difficulty exists, only more so, because

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there, in the great process of laïcisation, conditions of antagonistic and sporadic anarchy have arisen, which demoralise and strangle not only the purity, but the very authority, of government, and the main question of the hour in France is this very need of a solution. France, none the less, is always held *en vedette* by her frontier; she can never free herself from the international sense. Her case differs from ours in that important respect. We have no continual or actual "question." Our domestic politics are never hung up, as it were, to meet some international emergency or alarum. As foreign observers have noted with astonishment, during the series of crises which have recently shaken European Chanceries and Finance, England has been absorbed in a vote-catching controversy about Ministerial investments, while every veteran in the *Reichswehr* of Europe was standing to arms in barracks. It is our strength, no doubt, but it may well be questioned whether it is statesmanship. It may well be asked whether in an Europe of avowedly scientific militarism, presupposing in each case absolute and single calculated design, we can still afford to work the system as it was run in the days when we were buccaneer mariners of the seas, and the Continent showed a map of discordant and centrifugal egotisms.

Actually—no matter what pretence is made to the contrary on the side of both Parties—the whole question of military strength is treated from the Party standpoint. Idealist Liberalism, steeped in theory in times of ever-increasing scientific certainty, is against compulsion as a matter of principle; because England has so far done without it, because it is the theoretical duty of Englishmen to set the example, because individualism is the enemy of system, as control is opposed to a policy of *laissez-faire*. One has only to think of the talk about aircraft, invasion and evasion, to realise the Party attitude towards a matter which is occupying the scientific application of military Europe. Nobody pauses to consider that there is such a thing as the Geneva Convention; that, according to all accepted rules of warfare, no matter if five hundred Zeppelins hovered over London, not a Prussian conscript has the human right to shy even a Frankfort sausage upon a city which is not militarily fortified. Instead of expert

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control we have chronic frights, diarrhoeic spates of garrulity, efforts on the one side to prove that airships are of no more significance than butterflies, or ought not to be; on the other, that they are more significant even than the Dodo was in the days when it was not extinct and apt to fly away with Princesses to magic castles of ecstasy. We find the same thing about ships. Parsimony in lieu of scientific direction—always a furious newspaper speeding-up of the national sense and duty, regardless of the law now directing statesmanship, the constitution of Europe into two gigantic organisations of antagonism, in which we ourselves are enrolled by Treaty and very interest of self-preservation.

The heroics of war have gone. Passion with its old-time religious or national nobility will no longer lead men to fight, but calculation for material interests which are base. So long as civilisation accepts dictation from any one Power strong enough to impose its will at the point of arms—and such is the position of Europe under the tutelary hegemony of Germany—so long must the other nations prepare to resist, and not only to resist but to assume the offensive. So long as there is a central scientific scheme in Europe able to compel authority, so long must all the other people accept or give way. Before absolute issues, theory dissolves, as the night before dawn. But the whole principle of modern statecraft is applied calculation backed by the power necessary to enforce it. It is Napoleon's dream come true, this modern Europe of militarism, the doctrine of the will to live, knowing at the same time how to die for it, and it is the oldest doctrine upon earth.

A looby light, the humanitarian cries, forgetting that a mere will-o'-the-wisp may be as fatal as a steam-roller. And quite possibly it is a monstrous hallucination, brutal, primitive, obstructive to progress and humanity, viewed from every canon of reasonable existence and comfort. That, however, is not the point. There are degrees of looby lights, as there are degrees of wisdom and righteousness—Loyola standing as one example of the truth, and, say, Luther or Jeanne d'Arc for another. All these were soldiers, fighting, calculating personalities as different in their whole philosophy and work from those of the man

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who was crucified, as He himself was from all the principles of the many churches that have drained Europe with blood for and under the aura of His name. What have they proved? Has Christianity been a non-fighting religion? The very contrary. The only really peaceful people in history have been the Jews, and they have been chiefly persecuted for so being.

There is no philosophy in what is called politics, only a sense which is the instinct of self-preservation. A nation's interests are touched, and what does it care for wisdom or goodness? Germany, for instance, took away the *Reichsland* provinces from France, and there is no more likelihood of forgiveness on the part of the expropriated than there is of penitence on the part of the expropriator. For five centuries the infidel Turk defied the Christian opposition of Europe, but the nemesis has overtaken him at last, and by war the little peoples have won to their own. Yet for decades the central European question has been the looby light of spring sensationalism, until nobody, not even the Turk himself, believed it to exist. At this moment what has been styled the illusion of war is, in fact, a greater reality than ever, with fresh possibilities increasing every month, even as science opens up the tradeways of commerce to the world. There is the Russo-Chinese-Japanese question looming menacingly in the Far East. Next year, with the opening of the Panama Canal, the Pacific will become the great theatre of trade and prospective war, in which the final and inevitable (as it would seem) issue must be the supremacy of America and the complete Federal absorption and consolidation of the Anglo-American peoples. In Europe there is the new Balkan Power or constellation of Powers, throwing back Austria into the arms of Germany, who thus, contrary to all her hopes and machinations, finds herself unexpectedly caulked up in the centre, with an aggrandised Slav hegemony barring her way and outlet to the East. And these are realities admitting of no sentimental or theoretic solution. The only nations nowadays who live synthetically, neither preparing for nor waging war upon their neighbours, are the Eastern civilisations who are not commercially developed, and whom we therefore deem to be inferior. It is the Japanese who are arming

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China. It was the Italians who invaded Tripoli, the French who invaded Morocco, and it will be the Russians, if there is war in Manchuria, who will deliberately bring it about.

The question of our military requirements is really the question of our fighting value on the Continent. Invasion is not its primary significance; and for the surely obvious reason that the hour our Naval supremacy is defeated, the whole credit, economic, military, and moral, of England would collapse, no matter if we did successfully repel an invading army, because in the first place we are a non-self-supporting people, and by the stoppage of supplies we could be starved out, and, secondly, because the vast financial credit of the country and the Empire would automatically vanish into air and we should sink to the level of, say, de-colonised Portugal. The invasion of England hardly seems, strategically, a military question. Of all countries England, with its hedges, lanes, hills, winding roads, streams, mountainous and indented country, is admittedly the worst fighting ground in all Europe, the most easily defended, the most baffling for all extensive movements of troops, the most adapted for guerilla warfare. Even were we conquered and our Navy left supreme, no final advantage would be gained. But deprived of the fleet, cut off from trade supplies, reduced to a mere island even defended by five million trained men in arms, we should no longer be of any world consequence. To us the command of the seas is the all in all of our being. Once we have lost that, the England of Empire must disappear, and we should become even as Spain, shriven and shorn of her history. Life might be very happy on the island subsequently, but, alas! only as the mandrake people of adversity, destitute of power and glory.

For Continental purposes, however, the Army is a very serious question, because on it may depend not only the value of our friendship, but the very possibility of obtaining Alliances of actual worth as apart from the paper they are written on. Here, as in the supreme question of the Navy, it would seem imperative for politicians of all parties to unite, to acquire on this one point the international sense. As authority in England is growing now more than ever

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constitutionally problematical, as the Majority is now not only the ruling, but *de facto* the sole ruling, force in the country, itself dependent, as we all know, on the magnetism of personality, on a sentimental, a fictitious, and often a purely transitory electioneering cry, or even on a phrase or poster that may by chance fetch the fancy, the danger of what might befall us in the event of some fanatical *idéologue* climbing into power and persuading us by blarney promises for the time being that it was the duty of Englishmen not to annoy their rivals any more by building ships—in a word, by letting down the Navy to the margin of the next best Navy's sporting chance—this is a danger which is rapidly becoming a nightmare by very reason of its inherent possibility. There is nothing illogical or even unreasonable in a Majority going economic or sentimental mad for a space, given the man to lead them, the machinery and the conditions necessary, both of which are actually and now permanently available. Of course, there is the risk of the other extreme, but beyond the waste of money involved, over-building, even military mania, would never constitute a peril. There is an old German students' saw which says, "sometimes too much, but never enough." To build too big a Navy might be foolish; it could never be dangerous. But not to build enough ships would not only be to endanger the whole future of England, but directly to precipitate that issue.

Mr. Lloyd George has appealed to the other side to co-operate in the solution of the Land problem, and vainly, as might have been expected. On this matter of our military and naval needs, he has an opportunity which, an he would take it, would be welcomed by the whole serious English-thinking race, and no Conservative Party could decline it. What is required is a constituted Advisory Board composed not only of professional experts, but of eminent practical business men and constructive minds, who would report, in unison with the Foreign Office and the Service administrations, on the military requirements of the country, and whose decisions would be accepted as the policy of both Governments. Such a proposal would class the Chancellor as a true statesman. It would at once lift the most vital question to England out of the mire of Party controversy.

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Incidentally it would simplify and purify our political life not a little, and there would probably be many more Liberals in the country than there are to-day.

Let Englishmen but once feel that the Services were in the expert direction of the best clear-thinking minds of the country, and politics would assume a dignity which unfortunately in the fetid scramble of counter-interests they are tending more and more to lose. How many elections have not virtually been lost or won on this issue alone! The spectacle of our oldest and greatest soldier stumping the country, like a biblical revivalist, for a hearing is as pathetic as the grief of Lear, either wrong professionally, when he ought to be restrained by some disciplinary regulation, or right, when it is nothing less than a tragedy. Recently, too, there has been a series of public Naval scandals and re-criminations of a novel and disquieting kind, which cannot be good either for the Service or the country. These strange and unprecedented happenings have been followed with the liveliest interest abroad, and unquestionably they do reflect an unrest in our major Service which is a weakness and a warning. We know what politics has done for the French Navy—we don't want our powder to explode. But the more the vote-giving Majority rules, the greater must grow the danger of these things. If a Government is returned to cut down ships, cut down they will be, or the Majority may insist upon another Government that will cut them down. This is an eventuality no sane man can contemplate with equanimity. To leave the supreme issue of Imperial defence in the hands of the necessarily fickle temper of the Majority, controlled by the professional mendacity of the hustings, is palpably unscientific and disastrous. It is the doctrine of *laissez-aller* carried to its extreme point, the fallacy of a doomed and degenerate race.

These are not the days for experiments in nebulous idealism, when apathy is the synonym for disaster, and the challenger of chance is science. Mr. Lloyd George has the opportunity of his career. In the cause of country and national continuity, in the cause of sounder and saner home politics, the need presses upon him, and if he will but take it, assuredly the grace of Empire will be his.

Irish Nationality

By Darrell Figgis

"The difference of manners and customes doeth followe the difference of nations and people."—*Edmund Spenser*.

WHEN the history of the Irish nation * comes to be written, one of its chief interests will be to see how the nation from its beginnings throve and burgeoned to greatness, fell back before bands of marauders from the neighbour island, rose again to distinction, endured five centuries of such pillage and tribulation as are a pain to the spirit to read of, emerging at the end broken and shattered indeed, but remembering vividly, in the main, the greatness that once it owned, and the elements that contributed to that greatness. It is not enough to stand in the city of Galway, remembering that in the fifteenth century it was one of the chief ports in the British Islands, having its commerce with the Levant, Canary, Italy, France, England and Spain, and to see its "houses all of hewed stone up to the top," in disrepair, and the city in disorder. Such decay of a one-time material greatness is only a cause of depression. There are, on the other hand, certain elements in the spirit of the nation, showing clearly that the old laws and institutions on which that greatness was erected, which are, in fact, the very form and being of its nationality, are still actively alive, if not in the ordered existence of intelligent memory, at least in the way of an energetic instinct.

In the old worship of Brigit the vestals that attended her shrine were nineteen in number. They guarded her sacred fire in a cycle of twenty nights; and when it came to

* I do not overlook Dr. Joyce's "Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1608," nor the Rev. E. A. D'Alton's "History of Ireland," in three volumes, nor Mrs. Alice Stopford Green's studies, "The Making of Ireland, and its Undoing," and "The Old Irish World." But these are admittedly introductory to the history that awaits writing, that will deal with the continuity of the national consciousness in the way that other nations have received their due.

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the evening of the twentieth night, the nineteenth virgin would pile wood on the fire and declare bravely to the goddess: "Brigit, take you care of your own fire; for surely this night's charge is with you." How it will fare with the fire of nationality in Brigit's own island in the twentieth century remains to be seen; yet there will be none to dispute that it has been kept alive, in the face of overwhelming tribulations, with some effect in the centuries that have passed. The repeated onslaughts that have been made on those laws and institutions have always been repelled with an energy at which their assailants have expressed their ingenuous horror; where repulsion has failed of its effect, as in the case of immigrants who had at close hail the armies of their own country, the old customs have asserted their sway in the gentler manner of subduing the incomers, and making adherents of them not less loyal than the original stock (again to the ingenuous horror of the would-be governing powers); and even the attacks on the people that seem to have had no reference to those customs, have nearly always been withstood in the spirit of the old institutions.

Which, indeed, is the strongest proof of a vital nationality. In fact, it is the only proof of nationality. One may lose oneself for ever in discussions whether or not the Gaels are Celts, and what portion of the people of Ireland are Celts; but the fact remains that the people who until recent times struggled fiercely for a set of institutions that they found truly expressed their sense of fitness—which institutions stretch back, in fundamental and even detailed likeness, before the recognition of history—are a nation in a far deeper sense than by the arbitrament of race or the definitions of geography. The whole struggle of Ireland down the centuries is a meaningless riddle unless this fierce desire for the preservation of its institutions be understood and fairly recognised. Indeed, it has been a meaningless riddle to the whole course of English government for just this very reason. It is stamped on every page of Spenser's "View of the Present State of Ireland." It is heard in the letter of one Alen to the Commissioners in 1537, where he says that "the majesty and estimation of the [English] law shall perish, the justices being enforced to minister the laws upon hills, as it were Brehons or wild Irishmen": a phrase that must cause some amusement to those who

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have any knowledge of the majesty and dignity of the administrations of the Brehon laws, "upon hills," in the younger days of amity. It is heard again from the pen of an English Prime Minister, and sometime Chief Secretary, no less a person than Mr. A. J. Balfour, the philosophical and historical student, when he declares that

"There are Englishmen and Scotchmen who really suppose that England has deprived Ireland of its own national institutions, has absorbed it in the wider sphere of British; and who think that a great wrong has thereby been done to a separate nationality. . . . It is a profound illusion. It has no basis in historical fact at all."

For blandness and ease (let alone tergiversation) this last would be hard to eclipse. For the thing that he denies is not only the sole solution to the riddle as it occurs in history, but, to come to the present centre of the matter, it is the only answer to the riddle as it presents itself to-day. There is an authentic story that may be told of a certain living poet who, passing through a village in Galway with some friends, took them in to tea at a cottage. He was hospitably entertained; and when at the conclusion of the meal he asked what payment would be required of him, the response was a courteous refusal to charge him anything. "Surely I know well who you are, Mr. X," said the hostess. "It's a poet you are, and an honour to the country of Ireland, and it's not for me to charge you anything at all." It would be difficult to conceive of any other country where such a thing would be possible. The woman of the house herself was little aware of the honour of old acceded to the poet in the land (though, in fact, the rule is still observed in a sort for the wandering poet), yet the mind inevitably reverts to it, and to the fact that in the days of the *Feis* at Tara the first house to be built was the great house of the poets, they who sat with the King at meals. The old memory may not have been clearly recognised, but it was at work nevertheless. The old "national institution," the old "polity and civilisation," asserted itself in the teeth of a day of tourists and commercial gain.

Not so far from the place where this incident occurred, it will be remembered, arose the famous instance of the judgment on Captain Boycott. The contrast is a comment

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in itself. A people among whom it is possible to find so choice an example of spontaneous honour are not a people, one would assume, the bent of whose mind is criminal. Indeed, just as the one instance may be traced to an ancient institution working its way through the slumbering memory, so it is at least fair to assume that the other, too, would be found on examination to be another example of the same thing. To support which assumption comes the fact (as any figures will sufficiently attest) that the percentage of crime in Ireland is far less than in either England or Scotland. It was so of old. "The Irish," declared an English judge, "are more fearful to offend the law than the English or any other nation whatsoever." "They observe and keep such laws and statutes which they make upon hills in their country firm and stable, without breaking them for any favour or reward." It is so now. An English Coastguard officer, stationed in Mayo, once told me that he had been up and down the west coast of Ireland for the better part of thirty years, and had met scarcely a single instance of what could definitely be called crime. He had always been a foreigner among them, he said, and gave the tribute the more gladly because of that. Manslaughter he had found, but not murder; scarcely an instance of sexual impurity (as indeed is notorious); and the more distinctly Irish the locality the truer this had been. The people themselves are aware of this; and deservedly proud of it. I remember in a certain western part of Ireland walking with an old man (one who did not know what fear meant), when we passed a stack of coal heaped against a deserted harbour wall at the end of a disused tramline. He saw me look at it, and said: "I'm wondering how long a stack of coal the size of that would stay untouched in England." I asked how long it had lain there. "Ever since the railway company was broke," he said as we passed on. And the people passed that way every time they went to cut their turf.

Turning, then, to the famous Boycott instance, for example, it is as obvious that this was no mere instinct for lawlessness, even as it is a fair assumption that so pronounced and unanimous a decision of the people would prove to be another outworking of some national custom, some old form of law-making. And so it proves to be. In

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the old Brehon law punishments, as such, were not recognised. A man offended against his fellow; and according to the degree of his offence, which was elaborated with such care and precision, he had to make compensation, he had to pay his "eric." In legal phrase an offence was not a crime but a tort; and upon the nature and degree of the tort certain highly disciplined judges, or brehons, decided, in a general assembly of the people, for them to approve or dissent, on hill-tops. Such a thing as an offence against the community, therefore, did not exist in the Brehon system. The very name of the system of laws that the brehons administered (Fénechas, meaning "the law of the free land-tillers") implies the sense of co-operation and privilege so truly that it is hard to conceive of a man willing to forfeit them. Yet were a man to do so, were he to offend against the community, or remain recalcitrant to its will, there would be only one thing to be done: it would have to withhold itself from such a person. Or rather, more exactly, the community, or *toath*, would see that such a man had withdrawn himself from it: and it would have to show him precisely what that meant. It would have to translate his own action into fact: and when Captain Boycott saw the proof of his action he withdrew himself to England.

It is scarcely to be supposed that with Boycott this application of the old polity was deliberate. Indeed, one knows that it was not so. The very value of it as an instance of the national memory asserting itself is increased by a recognition of its instinctive and spontaneous character. But the point is, that, far from being an exhibition of lawlessness, it is just the very reverse: it was essentially lawful: it was an older and purer law asserting itself against a newer and more makeshift law: it was a law that, demonstrably, expressed the national instinct in collision with an alien law introduced by the people of another land. In a word, it was the assertion of one nationality against another: and that a legal assertion.

The rigor with which it was maintained is the less easy to understand because the clan system has decayed that originally gave so deadly an effect to such a withdrawal. Yet even this is still effectual in the more Irish parts of Ireland. It is still possible to find districts of the country where more than half of the people have the same

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patronymic; although more frequently it is the case that the bond of relationship holds tracts of country together, chiefly country having some manner of geographical unity. In times of urgency such tracts of country act together; and the church after Sunday morning mass is used as parliament house for such occasions—partly from convenience, and partly, may be, to give a weight of solemnity to the matter. There is now a part of the country in my mind where, earlier in this year, I witnessed such a scene. Land purchase was being thwarted; and exasperation had spread till it could not be contained. The priest from the altar steps preached moderation; but he was followed by the local orator who, with gestures of easy dignity and with a wonderful eloquence, called for resolute action. He spoke in Irish, and I could understand little of what he said; but it was explained to me he had declared for a united refusal to pay rents till redress was granted.

Yet in the more equable course of things the old polity of the *toath* still maintains itself. In the old days there were tasks that a man was liable to be called upon to render freely for his tribe. The community protected its whole self; and if one of its members, through illness or accident, was unable adequately to tend his holding of the tribe-land, others could be deputed to see to this. Moreover, in the commons-land, where there was no apportionment of special rights till the next redistribution, there were tasks, such as the cutting of the turf, that could be done each man for himself, or, if occasion pressed, a number of men could be told off to do them for the tribe. Not alone the spirit of this, but the detailed outworking too, still prevails. It has prevailed continuously since before the records of history: which seems a pretty fair attestation of national institutions, of a wise polity and civilisation, maintained by the instinct of a people who initially framed them.

Such a polity (as the name of the legal system indicates, in which it was framed) centres round the occupancy of the land. The health, even the very existence, of any national instinct is rooted in the possession of its native land; and in Ireland the national instinct has been fiercer because its relation with the land has been direct. Feudalism never truly established itself in the country.

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Ireland has kept itself as separate from the feudal system as it has kept itself separate from the three imperial systems that have sought to embrace and incorporate it. Even such feudal lords as the Earls of Desmond and Ormond, with the clever instinct of intruders in a hostile country who wished also to be free of their overlord in England, interpreted their feudalism in terms of the land system that already existed. The famous "coyne and livery" that the former inaugurated (to the exasperation of the would-be rulers in London), though it may seem the logical extreme of feudalism, was but a ruthless development of the principle of "coyned" as it existed in the Brehon system.

Under that system the tribe owned its own land. Later, the nobles came themselves to hold land, and to take their rank chiefly from that fact; but this was a matter separate from the tribe land, which was divided among the people and redistributed at certain regular intervals. If a man died, his land did not pass to his son, but back to his tribe. He might be re-granted it; or there might be a redistribution; but, whichever it might be, he had his firm and unquestioned right to it, and held it without interference till the time of the next redistribution. The King himself held his land as from the tribe during such time as he remained King. This did not pass to his son, but to his successor who was appointed during his lifetime.

Such, briefly, was the system; and it continued, in essence, until the inauguration of the Plantations in the sixteenth century. Indeed, it was the reason why that policy (fiendish indeed, if ever fiendish idea entered into the mind of man or woman) was conceived by Queen Mary of glorious memory. Previously, when any trouble had occurred, an attempt had been made, successfully or unsuccessfully, to depose the recalcitrant chief, while leaving the people in the ancient tenure of their land; but now the land was to be swept clear of its possessors, while shires of immigrants were planted in their place. What happened to the dispossessed may be imagined: Spenser's pages tell something of what the hideous crime meant. For some centuries plantation succeeded to plantation, large tracts of country being treated in turn.

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It is for this reason that every unrest in the country flies immediately to agrarian disturbance. It is idle to say that the past need not be recalled: the past creates our instincts, and man must needs act on his instincts, however idly he may boast himself a creature of his reason. The soul of the nation is wedded to its alliance with the land. It is therefore chiefly an agricultural people. Every protest it has ever made has been couched in terms of the land; and the significance of this is as much missed now as it ever has been. When, in days prior to the adoption of Plantations, the crown deposed a chief, and granted what it considered as his lands to another, some of the fiercest rebellions arose, which it is plain to see that the officials were at an entire loss to understand. And what men cannot understand they are usually in the habit of calling original sin. Yet it is a very simple matter. The crown, interpreting another nation in terms of its own usage, conceived a chieftain's lands as belonging to him, which, for some misdemeanour, it took from him and handed to another. But they did not belong to him: they belonged to the tribe; they were the people's possession. His very mensal land was his only so long as he had the election of the people, which passed with the election of the people, and not by the edict of another. Clearly a man could not forfeit what never was his. Therefore, in declaring that they alone could decide who should be their chief, and in fighting hotly for that contention, they were doing far more than merely standing by a personal loyalty, even as they were actuated by far more than a mere itch for rebellion. They were standing for their proprietary. They were declaring what they deemed to be their inalienable union with their land. In other words, they were proclaiming law and order, an old law and an excellent order, against those who were acting lawlessly.

Many years have helped to shake this; centuries of oppression, of pitiless plantations and penal laws against the rights of Irishmen to the land of Ireland, have crushed always on this sense of proprietary. Yet in the main, it is, in the form of instinct, as clear as ever it was. Nothing can destroy it. At the first hint of disturbance, protests are made; and those protests, as is well known, invariably take the form of agrarian disturbance. In some parts of

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Ireland, it is notoriously difficult to gather in rents. To be sure, that peculiar tendency is not precisely restricted to Ireland; and it might be fair to ascribe it in every case to a dim perception that there is an enormity in paying for the ground on which one steps and lives, and which one calls the Motherland. But there it is far more clearly formulated and intelligently perceived, because there the ancient usage lies not so far back in the years as to have passed from memory. The fact that each man may still claim his turberry rights is a survival before him to keep the memory tender.

And the memory remains tender. In the scene of which I have spoken, where a community (all linked, some way or another, by marriage) unitedly resolved to cease paying rents in order to force the right of purchase, the arguments used by the local orator were all couched in the fact of such a memory. "Whose truly was this land that Parliament had granted them the right to buy, and that the landlords withheld from them? Had they not held the land, they and their fathers before them, since the days of the Kings of Connacht? Was it not enough that they should need to be granted the right to purchase what had always been theirs, by people, and foreign people, in another country, without having that grant hindered by men who had jumped on the land in the time of the great famine, to molest them and give them trouble?" Such was the line of his appeal, delivered with a curiously simple freedom of speech and lack of declamation. The result will doubtless some time figure in the annals of what is called "agrarian crime"; but apart altogether from the argument dating from the national polity, nothing less criminal could be conceived than that audience, while nothing less demagogic could be imagined than the figure on the altar steps, in a kersey and simple suit of black, uncouth, weather-beaten face, uninspiring figure, with a flow of words that sought less to strike fire than to poise and weigh its periods, pick its words, and strike a beauty from the sudden balance of a phrase.*

For the fact is that, especially in the western and remoter

* Since this was written events have taken the course it was not difficult to foretell for them. The people have been summoned for lawlessness because they adopted the only methods left to them of having the law, enacted on their behalf, put into operation.

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parts, the people have the instinct of aristocracy. The stage volatile Irishman is as far from them as could well be. They are close and reserved—even to a contemptuous suspicion of intruders, withering in its effect. They despise the customs that they learn prevail in such places as London. Any attempt to tell a loose story in their company is to find a frozen silence succeeding to it, a cold, stiff dignity of disapproval before the conversation is resumed with a change of subject that is well marked. To be approached at all they must be approached in their own way: indirectly, easily, and with no curiosity or assumption of other than simple equality. A direct question meets a ready response that means nothing at all, one way or the other; and a more impervious shield could scarcely be imagined. Curiosity, or an assumption of superiority (whoever the speaker be), is keenly resented; but it is even difficult to detect the resentment, so secure is the mask. Success they hold in no awe. A cobbler who told me in one breath, with simple dignity, of his descent from the Kings of Connacht, in the next breath said of a man he knew, who drew daily thrice his own annual earning: "He is surely a grand man. And a very successful man, I have been told—in the mercantile way!" There was no pretentiousness in his quiet manner; there was no need for it. It was he who, sitting in his frail, ramshackle, wee cottage, answered my question as to how he could report so intimately, and accurately, on the doings and customs of strange peoples: "I have been made aware of these things by those that have travelled in the great and foreign parts of the world." A man who can coin such a beauty of phrase has no need to bow his knee to princes. But the deeper fact is that he never lost knowledge of the fact that he by degree was a prince. With him the instinct of aristocracy was calm and gentle; with others it is fierce and moody, even brutal (that curious thing that is brutal without being depraved); but with all it is sensitive, in a greater or lesser degree, and proud.

It is not difficult to see how this mood derives itself from the old order and polity. Where it is least obvious it is most potent. And when something comes to cause the nation to move forward, either to that attack which is the best defence, or to some necessary development, its instinct,

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if unhindered, causes it to run upon the old lines. A remarkable instance of this is discovered in the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. Together with the league of "The United Irishwomen," it is framing itself remarkably on the old social organisation—with allowances, naturally, for the spell of years that have intervened. No doubt, were detailed examination given to it, it would be found in many districts to have depended on older unities that have persisted through the centuries, and to have given them a new life and expression. The "United Irishwomen" are avowedly seeking to re-create the nation by making or renewing its social fibres, and weaving them into a fair network throughout the country, even as the I.A.O.S. is re-creating the agriculture of the country by organising a number of co-operative centres—each organisation assisting and supporting the other by deliberate intention. Such a work obviously demands the adoption and adaptation of such parts of the national stream as eddy and whirl upon themselves. Tough task though it be under any circumstances, its difficulties would be staggering, did not such natural systems exist upon which the organisation might be fastened. To create them would be a labour of centuries; to re-create them is a task quite sufficiently arduous, as the United Irishwomen find. But they exist: dating, with modifications, from the old formation, they have persisted in spite of centuries of brutality, and offer themselves as a basis for the re-creation of the country. Thus to re-create the nation it is necessary to re-create the old polity; the two things swing each upon the other in a singular attestation of their real unity.

Yet it is not less interesting to note that just such a system, such an organisation of agriculture, should first have occurred to Irishmen. England, Scotland, the Continent, America, and now, it appears, India, have all, intelligently and confessedly, followed on the lines devised by the I.A.O.S.; and, dating from that fact, it may well be that agriculture throughout the world will receive a new issue of life, and men re-learn their youth and manhood after the nightmare of industrialism. It may well be; and if it were, it would be a strange echo of the days when Ireland was a mentor to Europe in culture and learning, when Ireland evangelised England and led the way in a school of arts

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and crafts of rare beauty. It is no remarkable thing for individual Irishmen to give a lead to other nations; it is the healthier thing to see Ireland give that same lead while attending to her own national needs. But the immediate matter is that in seeking her own national needs, in desiring to rebuild a nation after the disastrous injury of centuries of oppression, without any seeming intention to do so she strikes the ruined foundations of the old polity and civilisation, and lays the structure there.

This is the surest proof, not only of national vitality, but of the existence of the vitality that in the first instance built the nation into a unity. It attests the maintenance of the ancient polity in the national instinct. Besides this continual and varied expression of the old Memory—Memory stirring herself in her vaults of sleep—the maintenance of old customs and practices, to which some attach what seems to be an excessive importance, takes altogether a slighter significance. It is still possible to see a passer-by fling a stone upon a pile marking the sudden death of some man; it is still possible to come upon parts of the ritual for guarding the “seed of fire”; it is possible to find hospitality extended to a passing ballad-singer in memory of the old honour paid to the poets. Gracious things all of them, and full of a just reverence; but an excessive regard may be had for them. If the significance of a rite be forgotten the rite itself is valueless. But if the soul of a people be alive, then it may create new rites for itself that shall be full of significance. The rites do but truly lead back to the powers and reverences they expressed. In themselves they are nothing; only being the proper subjects of professorial interest. But it may be that by means of them power may come upon the earth in some moment when the old consciousness flames up again into new life. When that happens it may chance that the old rite, by which the power came, may be discarded, and a new rite be made.

In short, vitality lives not in customs but in memory. Ireland has her customs, over which one may affectionately linger, yet which remain mainly a matter of wayward interest. But she has also her memory, and it is by virtue of that she achieves national unity and national power. As has been seen, whenever she seeks to express herself she

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does so in terms of that memory. Whenever she reaches forward to a swift and vindicating attack, to any fierce protest, it is usually because the contents of that memory have been attacked or affronted; and her protest is from the centre of her memory, and couched in terms of it, because she is chiefly concerned with throwing back the affront along the lines of its own approach. In so doing she achieves the strange irony of an aristocratic and conservative people appearing in a revolutionary guise. It is a remarkable position. The very irony of it is one of the chief things that has led to her being so profoundly misunderstood. But the situation is essentially a simple one. She has her polity, her civilisation, her institutions, in which things she has couched her nationality, and in which things she is attesting every day that her nationality is still a breathing and vital thing awaiting its renewed expression.

Some Fiscal Cross-currents of Anglo-Canadian Politics

By J. A. Stevenson

THERE are to-day a series of political cross-currents flowing between the Dominion and the Mother Country which are the cause of much confusion to unenlightened individuals in either community, and are seriously worthy of examination and discussion. Prior to 1896, Canada had occupied the serious attention of British politicians only in the matter of constitutional and administrative problems. The change began in 1896, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding introduced their preference on British goods. Few political measures have been the subject of so much misunderstanding and misinterpretation as this preference, and its authors probably little dreamt what far-reaching political consequences the step would produce. It has figured on every Tariff Reform platform in Britain as the historic "offer"; it was the devoted sacrifice of a loyal daughter State to a hard-hearted, callous mother; it was a dear earnest of Imperial zeal to a Philistine, soulless community, and a hundred other things as well. In point of actual fact, it was the half-hearted redemption of pre-election pledges to destroy Sir John MacDonald's National Protective policy and restore Free Trade as in England.

In their opposition days Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Liberal colleagues had made the Canadian Tariff the main object of their attack; Sir Wilfrid had denounced it as bondage comparable to the slavery of the Southern States, and the late Sir Richard Cartwright declared it to be the father and mother of political corruption as well as the economic ruination of the country. These were no prosperous times for Canada, and there was a feeling of popular dissatisfaction with the fiscal system. An effete and corrupt Tory Government was tottering to its fall, and the Liberals seemed almost certain to win the General

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Election in 1896. The manufacturers saw their chance, and induced the Liberals, who were desirous of making the victory doubly sure, to promise that on condition of the support of the manufacturing interests there would be no serious inroads made upon the Tariff. It was notorious, too, that certain prominent Liberal leaders like Mr. Tarte and Mr. Sifton were Protectionists, and their influence was thrown on the side of the manufacturers. Accordingly, when the Liberals came into office, they forgot their Free Trade pledges and contented themselves with introducing a preference in favour of British goods of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1897, which was subsequently increased to 25 per cent. in 1899, and $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. in 1900. There was undoubtedly widespread disappointment among the rank and file of the Liberals at these half measures, but the party machine was strong, and, apart from one or two individual protests, there was no serious revolt at the decision. Mr. Sifton's policy of national advertisement and development of the West was extraordinarily successful, and an era of prosperity began for the Dominion which has continued ever since. The Liberal leaders may have defended themselves on the ground that they had meditated further changes after 1900, but feared to disturb the dawning prosperity of the country. Be that as it may, the preference was primarily designed as an avenue of relief to the Canadian consumer and farmer, and in its conception there was not the slightest idea of cementing the Empire. It was also good party tactics for the time being. The Conservatives had attached to themselves a monopoly of the loyalty cry, and it was hard for a party who were devoted—on paper—to the British connection to resist a proposal which obviously favoured the Mother Country. But the Conservatives did resist it both secretly and openly, and from its introduction to this date their attacks on it have continued.

In 1897, when the changes in the Tariff were being introduced, Sir Charles Tupper, then leader of the Opposition, and other prominent Conservatives took the stand that the preference was an inroad on the protection which had been enjoyed by the Canadian manufacturers under the Tariff, and that its introduction destroyed the prospect of preferential trade with Britain. Mr. Borden, now Premier of the Dominion, said: "I would not like to see any of

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the great industries of this country cut down and shattered or the bread taken out of the mouths of our working men for that purpose. We might well make some amount of sacrifice for a purpose that might be in the interests of this country and the Empire, and it might repay the sacrifice in the end, but to take the step contemplated by the Government . . . does not seem to me to be calculated to obtain that result." Mr. Borden has shown no signs of changing that view. In 1902 he moved a resolution to the same effect; in the campaign of 1908 he described the Preferential Tariff as one of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's blunders, and he has often affirmed the doctrine that a factory in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is better for the Empire's strength than a factory in Halifax, Yorkshire. Other leading Conservative politicians have been equally frank in their denunciations of the Preference. Mr. Ross Robertson, proprietor of the *Toronto Telegram*, and at one time a Tory member for Toronto, said in 1897: "I would certainly not give, unless for a very material consideration, any advantage to either the workmen or manufacturers of Great Britain, or, for that matter, to the workmen of any country in the world. I am most unwilling that British manufacturers should have the money that Canadian manufacturers need." Mr. F. D. Monk, who lately resigned from the Borden Cabinet on the Navy question, and is intellectually the ablest Tory in Canada, asserted a few years ago that: "This unfortunate preference has done no good to the British people, and certainly it has done no good to us." As late as the Reciprocity election of 1911, Mr. W. F. Maclean, Conservative member for North York, admitted that he opposed the preference, and said he would do so again, declaring that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had given Canada away in that matter.

In addition to this criticism by Tory politicians, the attacks, secret and overt, of the Manufacturers' Association on both the principle and results of the preference have been continuous. They began with a resolution passed at the Halifax Convention of the Manufacturers' Association in 1902, declaring that the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers. In 1904 the whole force of the Association backed up the woollen manufacturers in their effort to have the preference

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on woollens reduced. The tariff on woollens then stood at $23\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., and the manufacturers demanded an increase to $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Government weakly yielded them an increase to 30 per cent., and as a result there is virtually no preference in favour of British woollens. In 1901 Mr. P. W. Ellis, the President of the Manufacturers' Association, had demanded that the Government should legislate for Canada first and then for Great Britain. In 1905 and 1906, therefore, when the Tariff Commission was touring the country, there was scarcely a line of British manufactures imported into Canada in connection with which there were not fierce demands from local manufacturers for reductions in the preference. The cotton manufacturers of Valleyfield, in Quebec, demanded further protection against Lancashire; manufacturers of cast-iron pipes at Three Rivers pleaded to be sheltered from the "foreign" competition of Scotland, and granite workers in New Brunswick from the "pauper labour" of Aberdeen. Everywhere demands were made for duties as high as the Dingley Tariff, and in some cases the pleas were successful. They would have been more successful had not the farmers of Ontario and the grain-growers of the West rallied to the defence of the preference, commended it as the best piece of fiscal legislation passed by the Government, and vigorously protested against any interference with it.

Besides these open attacks, the manufacturers have pursued other methods of creating barriers against British trade. They have excluded all British advertisements from their paper, *Industrial Canada*. They have complained that the *Bulletin of Trade and Commerce* published inquiries from British and foreign traders anxious to find openings for their wares in Canada, and they have insisted upon a duty of 15 cents a lb. being levied on all catalogues and price-lists circulated by outside firms in Canada. Within the last few months there have been signs that they threaten to use the possibility of cheap freight rates *via* the Panama Canal allowing British manufacturers a more favourable access to the Western market as an argument to demand increases in the tariff against Great Britain.

The Canadian manufacturers, to whom the Tory party of Canada is now bound hand and foot, may pose as devout

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Imperialists; but their practical Imperialism is a kind of devotional exercise which can be abandoned at a moment's notice. They dislike British competition more than any other because it is possible to make friendly arrangements with the American Trusts, and the quality of their own goods is not so unequally matched with the quality of American products as with that of British. They were not responsible for the inauguration of the preference, and as long as they dominate, through the Tory party, the fiscal system of Canada, its existence will never be secure. The preference has its best defenders in the grain-growers and the Liberal party. It owes its inception to their efforts, and it can only be maintained by their constant vigilance.

Long before Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding came into power there had been zealous apostles of Empire like Colonel Denison, of Toronto, who had declared that in order to procure closer union, a common economic basis by means of mutual preference must be established between the different units of the Empire. There was put in force in 1901 a war tax on corn in Great Britain, and it is said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding, when visiting England at the Colonial Conference of 1902, pressed the Unionist Government to abolish this as far as it was levied on Colonial wheat, and thereby institute a preference. They are also understood to have first approached the Liberal party with the suggestion that this proposal should be adopted by them as a means of attack on the Government. But the Liberals, being a Free Trade party, naturally declined to give it any serious consideration. Mr. Chamberlain, however, subsequently adopted the idea and pressed it upon the Home Government, and at one time there seemed a chance of its adoption; but Mr. Ritchie, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a staunch Free Trader, and, the tax being unpopular and unsatisfactory, the Cabinet decided to remove it altogether during Mr. Chamberlain's absence in South Africa.

When Mr. Chamberlain first began his Tariff Reform campaign, it was looked upon with considerable suspicion in Toronto and other centres of Protection in Canada. His proposal for a schedule of forbidden industries was rejected with scorn and contempt, and there was criticism on every side. Zealous applause alone came from what might be

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called the social and professional Imperialists. At once the forbidden schedule idea was abandoned, and simultaneously Tariff Reform, of which the principal inspiring motive had originally been zeal for Imperial union, took the more selfish form of local protection. It became necessary to secure adherents and supporters from Canada who would testify to the faith that was in them. The Canadian Protectionists began to believe that the destruction of the Free Trade stronghold would be an excellent reinforcement to their own system, and that the game was worth taking a hand in. As long as there was no talk of Free Trade within the Empire, all would be well. There was doubtless, too, a secret hope that if the farmers could obtain some pecuniary benefit from the preference they might more peacefully endure the enormous burdens heaped upon agriculture, the basic industry of the Dominion, by the Tariff. In short, they hoped to extort a little vicarious plunder from the Motherland. Ardent Canadian emissaries offered themselves for Tariff Reform platforms, but it is a noticeable fact that they have always either been what might be called the "stock-in-trade" Imperialists or manufacturers like Mr. Cockshutt, of Brantford, who as an agricultural implement maker, had nothing to fear from British competition, and was willing to dedicate what time he had to spare from the sombre amusement of persecuting humble Western Free Trade papers to a great cause so fruitful in public banquets and private hospitalities. The Tariff Reformers were nice people; their clubs were good, and devotion to the creed brought an *entrée* for the wives of Canadian manufacturers to social circles, otherwise inaccessible. Accordingly there began an annual pilgrimage of Canadian Protectionists to Britain, which still continues. The shoddiest of Canadian Protectionist politicians had only to declare himself a Tariff Reformer, and the Tory world of London was at his feet. His photograph would appear in the *Standard of Empire* as a "Baron of the Outer Marches," and he was soon able to cable home accounts of luncheons with a quartette of the Peerage at the United Empire Club. And there were counter-pilgrimages. Tariff Reformers in and out of Parliament fared forth to Canada, seeking evidence of the blessings of Protection and opportunities for quick

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profits in land speculation. They traversed the whole Dominion in six weeks, and returned to pose as fully-equipped authorities on the economic and political conditions of a country as large as Europe. They had introductions invariably to the same people, the railway directors and the financial magnates, few of whom have ever given ten seconds' thought to political and economic conditions. They rarely strayed out of the C.P.R. hotels and the best clubs, and in few cases did they begin to know about Canada. "Car-window philosophers of Empire" they have been rightly called.

But the alliance could never be permanent. There cannot be, in the nature of things, other than a temporary coalition between two groups of Protectionists. If ever the Preferentialists of the two countries had been set face to face and asked to effect a working arrangement, a violent quarrel would have inevitably ensued. To justify his preferential food tax scheme, the Tariff Reformer would have required better access to Canadian markets—exactly what the Canadian Protectionist was not prepared to concede. The latter would have argued: "You have preached that a Tariff was necessary to keep British workmen from being unemployed. Are we not equally justified in maintaining our Canadian Tariff to keep Canadian workmen from being unemployed?" From the very beginning of the crusade, the woollen manufacturers and the steel magnates of Canada have foreseen dire possibilities in Tariff Reform, and there must have been many secret sighs of relief at the recent successful revolt of the Free Fooders. Had the Preference policy been carried out to a successful conclusion, there would have been much mutual disillusionment and counter-recriminations and some sad revelations of human and political selfishness. The one result of the Tariff Reform conspiracy has been that a certain section of the British people have acquired an utterly false conception of Canada.

The Tariff Reformers have laboured under many illusions, and none greater than that held by Mr. Chaplin and some of his allies that the Unionist party are under some obligation to maintain Preference as part of their programme. "Canadian Conservatives took their lives in their hands in September, 1911," says Mr. F. E. Smith, "and I, according to my humble measure, will fight their battle

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here." If Mr. Smith had anything but the vaguest notions about Canadian politics, and if he had even a desire to understand the merits of the case, he would realise that the situation in Canada with regard to the Imperial preference has radically changed since the "Reciprocity" election, and that he could deal no more fatal blow to his Canadian Tory friends than to bring about Tariff Reform and Preference in Great Britain. The election of 1911 brought the Tory or High Protectionist party in Canada into power, and sent into opposition the Liberals, who were the original authors of the Preference. With the Liberal party in opposition, owing to the steady growth of the grain-growers' movement and the increasing political power of the West, the Low Tariff wing must henceforth be more or less dominant in their counsels. They have no reason to be grateful to the Manufacturers' Association. Reciprocity can await Tariff developments in the United States, though the argument in its favour exists more strongly than ever. The proposed reductions in the American Tariff do not, however, give the Canadian farmer half the benefits of the Reciprocity Treaty.

What better policy could be found for the Liberal party than the reduction of the Tariff against Great Britain to a revenue basis? There could be no more magnificent theme for an Imperialist electioneering appeal. It would straightway put the Liberals in possession of the loyalist cry so nauseating but so powerful a factor in Canadian elections. It would be their turn to wrap the flag around their persons and indignantly ask who were these traitors to the Empire barring out the goods of their beloved Motherland. The Tory party, held in bondage as it now is by the Manufacturers' Association, would slowly and surely be driven back to a creed of local nationalism based on the sordid gospel of local protection. Such a Liberal policy would attract the support of the farmers and the British-born, who are now no inconsiderable factor, and who opposed with one accord the Reciprocity Treaty through false but not unworthy sentimental ideals. A tariff wall round Great Britain would also at once remove the favourite argument in Canada against inter-Imperial Free Trade. Hitherto the defence has been that Free Trade with the Mother Country means Free Trade with the world; but this disappears with

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the erection of a British Tariff. The Canadian Protectionists have in front of them a sufficiently hard struggle to maintain their own advantages, and they are not anxious to have their troubles increased by the complications of Tariff Reform and an Imperial examination of tariff systems which would be an inevitable corollary.

Even as it is, the grain-growers of the West are pressing for an increase of the British Preference. At their recent conventions for Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta they passed resolutions demanding an immediate increase of the British Preference to 50 per cent., with preparation for further reductions which would allow Free Trade with Great Britain within ten years. Simultaneously they denounced any proposals for a food tax for Great Britain in no unmeasured terms, and their opposition to it, which seems heretofore to have been quite unknown to British Tories, must definitely end the dream of the Chamberlainite faction.

Some months ago the Grain-Growers' Associations passed resolutions denouncing the Laurier naval policy as well as the Borden plan, and there was some criticism of their action as disloyal to the Imperial connection. The true interpretation was that the grain-growers were sincerely anxious to avoid an election on the naval issue. They fear that the Protectionist element within the Liberal party was eager for such an election in order to have an excuse for abandoning economic issues which the Westerners regard as pre-eminently important. Their resolutions were, in fact, a notice to the Eastern wing of the Liberal party that they need not expect any enthusiastic help from the Western Radicals if they concentrated merely on the issue of a Canadian Navy and national autonomy. The Liberal party is now in opposition, and must needs discover a policy and a programme. The old opportunist Whigism of the last ten years will never bring it back to power, and it would not be an undisguised evil for the party and the Dominion if it were to remain in opposition for a few years until it realises that it must devise a programme as radical as that adopted by the Australian democracies ere it can hope to attract widespread allegiance and do any real service to the country.

Hitherto the real effects of the protective policy in the

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West have been concealed by the almost unprecedented increment in real estate values, in which practically the whole community shared. Real income and profits of labour could scarcely be discerned in the riot of successful speculation in which practically every Westerner has been involved. But these days are now past or passing. Real estate is still sold, but the cream has been skimmed, and for the individual investor there is no wide certainty of large profits in the future. The worker and farmer of the West is now finding himself at economic bedrock, and is beginning to realise what his real income is. The farmer, indeed, being more distant from the centres of speculation, has been the first to learn the truth, and to find that the economic profits of his farming operations have diminished almost to vanishing point by the effect of the Protective Tariff and other impositions. It is calculated by shrewd observers that last season the present low price of wheat little more than paid for the cost of production in Saskatchewan. There is a Lumber Combine, there is a Cement Combine, there is an Implement Combine, there is a Cannery Combine. Practically every item of supply which the farmer purchases is at the mercy of some capitalist combination which is in a position to fix the prices as it wills. And on the question of Combines in Canada, no man can speak with greater authority than Sir William Maxwell Aitken, now Tariff Reform member for Ashton-under-Lyne.

The effects of these conditions in Canada and the Empire are most harmful. There is no use denying that the West enjoys a severe and rigorous, if healthy, winter climate. People must be paid to endure a climate like the West, and if they are not allowed sufficient inducements to do so, a Canada of even twenty millions is a vain and idle dream. Even as it is, the population statistics of Canada are worth studying. Between 1901 and 1911 the increase in the population of Canada was a full million short of expectation. In my opinion this is due to an enormous leakage of emigrants who were dissatisfied with the prevailing conditions in the Dominion, to a great drain to the United States and elsewhere of people who originally intended to settle in Canada, but found that the roseate pictures and financial lures of the emigration agents were not realised on

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closer contact. It is also probable that many of those who remigrated were British born. There is periodical excitement amongst anxious Imperialists about the Americanisation of the prairie provinces. And here it should be stated that no factor can contribute so much to this process, if it is in operation, as the Canadian Tariff and other unfair economic conditions which prevail. The British-born emigrant is the worst equipped of all settlers for the agricultural life of the prairies and is often overwhelmed in the struggle towards comfort, nothing contributing so much to overwhelm him as the Protective Tariff.

The census of manufactures for the Dominion taken in the year 1911 and giving statistics for the year 1910 shows that in 1910 there were 19,218 manufacturing establishments in Canada compared with 14,650 in 1900; the capital employed \$1,247,583,609, compared with \$446,916,487; the number of employees 515,193, compared with 339,173; the salaries and wages \$241,008,416, compared with \$113,249,350; and the value of products \$1,165,975,639, compared with \$481,053,375. The number of establishments increased during the ten years by 31 per cent.; the capital employed by 179 per cent.; the number of employees by 51 per cent.; salaries and wages by 112 per cent.; and the value of products by 142 per cent. These figures are imposing at first sight, and the progress which has been actually made is very creditable to the manufacturers, but a detailed examination reveals the fact that the claim to attribute this considerable growth of industries to the Protective Tariff, and to that alone, is scarcely founded on fact. In this census every possible industry employing over five persons is squeezed in, and a great many of them derive absolutely no benefit in any shape or form from the Tariff, and cannot do so. It includes, for example, the printing and publishing business, and shows that there are 434 printing and publishing houses with a capital of over \$18,000,000, employing 8,825 persons, paying salaries and wages amounting to \$5,551,037, and with a product valued at \$13,323,294. In addition, there are 188 printing and bookbinding establishments, employing 7,260 persons, turning out \$10,811,393 worth of products in 1910. A large proportion of this industry consists of the production of daily and weekly newspapers, which must necessarily

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be printed in the cities and localities which they serve, and would therefore exist in Canada whether the Protective Tariff existed or not. A considerable part of the book-binding industry consists of Government work and local literature, which would only in rare cases be done outside Canada under Free Trade. In point of fact, there is very little printing of any kind which can be sent out of the country, and it is obvious that Protection is not responsible for the building of this item of the industrial increase. In the same category is to be placed the production of gas and electric light and power, which gives employment to 7,558 persons and produces \$17,000,000 worth of products per annum. Gas and electricity must of necessity be produced within a reasonable distance of their place of use. The manufacture of bread, biscuits, and confectionery, which employed 10,003 persons in 1910 in bakeries employing five persons and more, contributed upwards of \$25,000,000 to the product of Canadian industry, gains nothing by the Protective Tariff. Car repairs, with a production for 1910 for over \$31,000,000 and employing 22,000 men, is another big industry that must be carried on in this country irrespective of the Protective Tariff, for car repair shops must necessarily be established at intervals along the railway systems which they are connected with. There are many other industries which come under the same category, such as made-to-order tailoring and dressmaking, blacksmithing, repairing of many kinds, plumbing, photography, and the three biggest industries of this country—agriculture, building, and railway construction.

There are some shrewd observers, however, who maintain that the burden heaped upon the country by the Tariff is a mere trifle compared with the exactions of the railway companies. The Government has ordained a thorough investigation of the question of freight rates, which is now in process at Ottawa, but there is more than a suspicion that undue celerity has not been manifested in the proceedings, and also that secret pressure has recently been brought into play to secure a complete abandonment of the inquiry. There are many other grievances awaiting examination and redress, among them the entrenched monopoly of the banks and the evils of excessive land speculation. A strong demand for drastic reforms is beginning to be heard from

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the democracy of Canada, but it is invariably met with dark prophesyings of financial Jeremiahs who proclaim the woe to come if the freight rates are meddled with or the Tariff lowered. Many of the economic conditions prevailing in Canada are founded on gross injustice and flagrant privilege, and what the Dominion needs more than anything else is justice to the men whose exertions are developing the resources of the soil and upon whose labour rests the whole fabric of the country's progress. It is the fundamental need of Canada as much as of the United States. When this need is supplied, it will check the rapidity of the present production in Canada of a limited number of multi-millionaires at the expense of a lower standard of civilisation for the mass of the community; it will prevent the further development of Canada's destinies in wrong channels under the selfish, unimaginative control of a bourgeois plutocracy deficient alike in ideas and culture, but maintained in social splendours of a somewhat Philistine order by the labours of unjustly-used tillers of the soil. And this consummation will be a gain to the Empire as well as to Canada.

The *raison d'être* of the existence of the Liberal party in Canada, if it is to be worthy of the name of Liberal, henceforth must be to save the Dominion from the same sad experiences as the American Republic has undergone at the hands of what Grover Cleveland called "A Communism of Pelf," contemptuous alike of public rights and the national future. Tory journalists in England have written with ill-advised effrontery of the Liberals as an Americanising party, but in point of fact the most Americanising influences in Canada are some of the great Corporations and their officials, who regard the politicians as their pawns and the people as their prey. And apart from the lavish adulation which has been too often showered upon this type of Canadian citizen, it is surely the height of folly and stupidity to confer such political and social honours as the British Empire has to bestow upon Canadian representatives of the worst traditions of North American finance. It is certainly not the true method of keeping Canada British in spirit and in deed.

Sooner or later the organised capitalist combinations of Canada must be fought and curbed by the Canadian

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democracy, and the Liberal party is the obvious engine for the task. It can have no real vitality until it faces the issue squarely; but if it realises at once the need and the duty, it may look forward to a bright future and more than a full share of the power which office at Ottawa can give. Conditions are rapidly maturing in the Dominion which will find the people ready for a radical reforming programme, and if the Liberal party fails to offer them the necessary measures, it will inevitably perish and decay in favour of some more virile force, just as the Republican party has perished and decayed in the United States. Canadian Liberals scarcely realise their opportunity. The tactics and the result of the "Reciprocity" election left the Tories tied hand and foot to the capitalist interests and branded them in the eyes of all fair-minded citizens as their tools and allies. They may have prevented trade with America, but they are, as a party, steeped in the worst form of American influences and methods. The rallying cry of the Liberal party should be, "British standards in politics and economics." It should be their task to abolish the machine system of politics which Mr. Rogers, the Minister of Public Works, has perfected under the present Government; make drastic and wholesale reductions in the Tariff; tame the monopoly of the railways; make the banks do their duty to the public and cease to be the handmaids of the corporations; nationalise the telegraph and express services; reform the Civil Service by abolishing the spoils system; establish rural co-operation and cheap agricultural credit, thereby restoring agriculture to a sane predominance in the national system; reform the Senate (possibly out of existence), and establish a system of proportional representation in the cities. There is material available for a dozen programmes, and courage and imagination alone are required to develop them to fruition. But, first and foremost, the Liberal party must abandon all hope of favours from the "interests." It must become a party of the people and preach a clear-visioned democratic creed. It will inevitably attract to itself all the intellectual and public-spirited elements in the country to serve as political leaders for the farmers and other classes in the Dominion who are at present shelved in favour of the privileged class of

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financial mandarins. The opposition will be bitter, but though there is a large and corruptible foreign vote, there is no resident garrison of squires and parsons to man the fortresses of privilege. Once the breaches are made, the storm and capture will be easy—if the history of Australia and New Zealand is any guide.

But in this approaching struggle of the Canadian Democracy with the organised forces of Capitalism there is great need that British Liberalism should at least offer its helpful sympathy. There has been in existence for some years the closest of alliances between the Tory parties in the two countries, but the Liberals in Great Britain have hitherto held aloof from their Canadian brethren. They have too often defended them in a half-hearted fashion, and have devoted too little attention and thought to the policies and problem of Liberalism in the Dominion. Possibly they shun Canadian Liberalism as tainted with Protection. But the Canadian Liberals find the same difficulty as British Tariff Reformers meet in their efforts to eliminate Free Traders from the Unionist party, in purging their party of a heresy which is interwoven with the life of the nation. Liberal members of the Imperial House frequently visit Canada. Perhaps it is the result of a wise discretion, but they are rarely to be found addressing the Canadian clubs at which every Tariff Reformer airs his views. It would give a great impetus to Canadian Liberalism if some British Liberals would visit Canada in the course of the next few years and deliver speeches of a real democratic and Liberal fibre. They would meet with a ready welcome, and might also derive a certain enlightenment from the expedition. The problems of the two Liberal parties are and must be the same; their task is to evolve a most equable economic civilisation and lead humanity to a better and wider life, and it would be indeed regrettable if any mere superficialities of difference in practical policies should raise a barrier between them.

WINNIPEG, *April*, 1913.

“Perils of the Air”

By C. Grahame-White

LET me frame a definite question: “What are the actual perils that the airman, when in flight, is called upon to face?”

To this one may reply: “Certain of his risks are known; but many are still unknown; and it is the unknown perils which are, naturally, the greatest.”

Imagine a man launching himself in a frail boat on a sea of which the waves are invisible, so that he cannot perceive from what direction he may be engulfed. Such is the position of the airman when navigating the aerial sea.

He steers a craft which is highly sensitive in its equilibrium. Then unseen wind-waves bear down upon him. The aeroplane dips and heels. His own dexterity at the controlling levers, his good judgment, and his faculty for “keeping his head,” are all that he relies upon in battling against this unseen, treacherous foe.

The air, through which a pilot flies, is still an uncharted sea. A sailor, when making a voyage, knows of the existence of eddies and currents; but the airman has to launch himself into unknown dangers. The wind-gusts not only attack him from front or rear, or from side to side, as he passes through the air; they even assail him from above or below.

Scientific research concerning the air has been made, and investigations are still being conducted; but the airman, even to-day, knows little regarding the element which sustains him when in flight. He knows, of course, that the air is not a homogeneous body, that its disturbances are often extraordinarily complex, but, as to what these actual movements are, practically no data of definite value to the airman has, as yet, been placed on record. When flying an aeroplane, the pilot is liable to encounter strange up-currents, and even more perplexing and hazardous down

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draughts; and at various altitudes he finds the strength of the wind fluctuating greatly.

Near the ground, as a rule, when the wind is strong, there are dangerously powerful gusts; then, as the aeroplane ascends, the wind pressure settles down into a steady, almost uniform strength.

This explains why, in windy, troublesome weather, the airman prefers to fly high. The greater his altitude, generally speaking, the more comfortable he feels. Apart, too, from any greater gustiness in the wind near the surface of the earth, dangerous eddies may be formed as it blows over hills and woods and up valleys.

Scientific investigation, as I have said, is being undertaken to make clear these lurking perils of the air; and although so much still remains mysterious, striking and curious data have, nevertheless, already been collected. It has been demonstrated, for instance, that on a gusty day, at two points which are only forty feet apart in the air—less than the span of a big passenger-carrying biplane—the striking force of the wind at any given moment may vary by as much as 50 per cent.

What, exactly, does this signify? It means that, when in flight, one wing of an airman's craft may be struck violently and unexpectedly by a gust which will exercise a very sudden overturning influence. Unless at such a moment he can check this heeling-over tendency by an instinctive movement of his controlling planes, his machine may tilt sideways to such an angle that it begins to "side-slip" helplessly towards the earth.

There is, at the present time, vital need for greater knowledge of the air and its complex influences amongst those who navigate it in such rapidly increasing numbers.

In the early days of the aerial conquest pilots were extremely cautious; they resembled those first mariners, who would not put to sea unless the water lay absolutely smooth. The pioneer airmen, in fact, would not consent to ascend unless tell-tale flags hung quite limp from their masts—this indicating unmistakably that there were no awkward wind-gusts to be feared.

But then came a rapid growth of confidence—caused chiefly by the increase in the reliability of engines; and the result was that men began to ascend deliberately and

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fight the wind. As a rule, too, they were successful; but every now and again their enemy the wind exacted its toll. Fatigued, perhaps, by a long struggle at the control levers, a pilot momentarily relaxed his vigilance. Then it was that a vicious gust struck his planes and sent his craft reeling to destruction.

It was when men thus began to do battle with the wind, instead of waiting for spells of calm, that the list of aeroplane fatalities grew so sadly. Many pilots were impatient; they would not rest content with such slow progress as had been made, for instance, by the methodical Brothers Wright.

There is another aerial peril, apart from the actual onslaught of the wind, and yet intimately connected with it: this is the danger of the giving way of some vital part of a machine while the pilot is in flight. More than once, indeed, an airman's skill has failed to save him because, under the shock of some violent gust, one of his sustaining planes has collapsed suddenly in the air. Then, equilibrium gone, his machine plunges helplessly to earth. One might liken this peril to that of the man who, putting to sea in a frail boat, has his craft stove in by the fierce thrust of the waves.

The first aeroplanes were built without constructional data to go upon. There was, indeed, only one vital requirement, and this in itself was a peril: they must, above all things, be light. Builders could, of course, estimate what strains were likely to be imposed upon a machine when travelling through the air at a specified speed and under ordinary conditions. But there were quite abnormal stresses to be guarded against, and these at first were unrealised.

Let me cite instances of such perils. An aeroplane might, for example, encounter the phenomenon which is often referred to among pilots as an "air hole." This experience meant that, with utter unexpectedness, the air pressure under the planes of the machine would be so sensibly reduced that it dropped, or rather fell through the air—perhaps for a distance of many feet—before the "lift" of the wings again became normal. This imposed upon the aircraft an altogether excessive strain.

Then, while it was in flight, an aeroplane might also be liable—as I have already indicated—to be struck by a

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series of wind-gusts of abnormal strength. These, particularly if a machine was flying fast, threw a violent stress upon its planes.

Frequently an aircraft was subjected to heavy strains by the action of its pilot when effecting a steep gliding descent or *vol-plané*. Just before coming into contact with the ground, by a quick movement of the elevating planes he checked suddenly the aircraft's dive. This abrupt action, which might be likened to applying an aerial brake to the fast-descending machine, often threw an enormous and very little appreciated strain upon its sustaining planes.

But as more men flew, and the duration of flights increased, lessons were learned—albeit some of them were at the cost of human lives. But each accident taught both constructors and pilots something that they should know. What is termed the "factor of safety" of an aircraft has been steadily increased. This "factor of safety," one may explain, is a phrase used in engineering to define the number of times any part of a machine is stronger—before it actually breaks—than the greatest strain it will need to withstand under ordinary conditions.

With the gain of practical experience, derived from the growth of flying, those parts of an aeroplane upon which very heavy stresses are known to fall are now given a "factor of safety" perhaps seven, ten, or twelve times what they would need in order to resist the strains of normal flight.

Thus to-day, in combating the perils of the air—known and unknown—the airman has as his protection a gradually growing store of knowledge. The craft he is given to fly is heavier, stronger, and generally more workmanlike; it is no longer a frail, purely experimental thing of wood and wire. Metal is already beginning to play its part in aeroplane construction, and it will certainly be more largely employed in the future.

A great and ever-present peril of the air is that some trifling accident, when a pilot is in flight, may bring about disastrous consequences. One tiny rod working free on the motor may ultimately wreck the whole machine. On the road, when motoring, something may break, of course, but this entails, as a rule, nothing worse than delay. But

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in an aeroplane, when one is several thousand feet above the earth, nothing must break.

An airman must know indeed beyond all doubt, before he leaves the ground, that his machine is in absolutely good flying trim. He must, above all, employ mechanics who are intelligent, competent, and conscientious men. There is lurking peril in an unlocked nut, in a slack engine-mounting, in a careless adjustment of stay-wires.

This, indeed, is the lesson that is being learned: an aeroplane is only as strong as its weakest part. But to-day a new era in construction is dawning. Exact knowledge is taking the place of rule-of-thumb methods. A pilot, when he takes the air in a gusty, trying wind, knows now that he can rely implicitly upon the "airworthiness" of the machine he is flying.

All the experience so far obtained has, as a matter of fact, proved that there are two perils which always threaten the man who navigates the air. These are:—

(1) The failure of some part of his machine when actually in flight.

(2) A sudden loss of control of his craft while in the air.

So far as the first danger is concerned, an obvious precaution, of course, is to build machines of ample strength; and this, as I have shown, is now being done. But the second problem is a far more elusive one. Above all, however, we need precise data concerning the air from the pilot's point of view, so that we may know what specially dangerous currents and eddies to beware of in this disturbed atmospheric sea.

What may be termed the "danger line" in flying is very quickly crossed. A pilot may, for example, acquire a habit of making steep turns while in the air, tilting up his planes as he wheels round to an acute angle. It is an evolution he may carry out with perfect safety a great many times. Then one day the "human element" enters into the question. The airman is guilty of an error of judgment; probably it is only a very slight one. But it proves more than enough. In an instant, he has crossed the "danger line." His machine, tilted up just a fraction too far, loses its equilibrium, and slips sideways in a helpless lurch.

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Perhaps, even, the pilot may make no error of judgment, and yet may come to grief. He may, for example, swing over his craft for a rapid turn in just the same way he has done so many times before; but on this one occasion some quite undetected aerial disturbance may arise in close proximity to his planes. There may come a sudden lessening of pressure just under one wing, which is sufficient to upset the delicate poise of his craft and cause it to pass beyond control.

In debating such perils of the air, one should certainly take into consideration the factor which is introduced by the temperament of the airman. There is grave danger for the pilot who betrays carelessness, irritability, or impatience. The man who flies steadily and well season after season, and who rarely meets with mishap, is almost invariably self-restrained and thorough in all he does, and is equipped as well with an ample stock of patience.

In future, one should note, big, fast-flying aircraft will thrust their way through the aerial sea without imposing such exacting strains upon their steersmen. The pilot who flies to-day resembles a man who, while he is being tossed about on a choppy sea in a little rowing-boat, sees a big vessel pass serenely by. The 150-mile-an-hour aeroplane of the future will be as little disturbed by air-waves it encounters as is the ocean liner of to-day by the sea-waves it spurns aside.

But even at the present stage of progress the airman may, by the use of care and common sense, guard himself against many of the perils of the air. That these dangers are not always so grave as they may seem is proved by statistics. During last year in France, for instance, only one airman was killed for each 92,000 miles actually flown by aeroplane. This indicates, in a way beyond question, the amount of safe flying that is now being done, and of which the general public hears little.

There are other perilous pursuits, one should remember, besides piloting an aeroplane. Last year, for example, more than one hundred people lost their lives while mountaineering.

The Tango Tea

THE crisis in stageland has grown beyond the prophylactic of tobacco, though cheaper seats might help the situation accompanied by the release of the public in all parts of the theatre from the dress regulation now rapidly becoming anachronistic in these days of the coming Tory democracy. A glimpse at the legitimate stage shows practically only one playwright master of his audience, Mr. Arnold Bennett: who, with *Milestones* and *The Great Adventure*, easily takes the place once held by Henry Arthur Jones. But there would seem to be a three-year time limit to an author's success, so that the genius of the Potteries will probably meet his pendulum, even as the big talkers in the constituencies do, and then, of course, there is Bernard Shaw, the grand enigma of the Public, the sole man strong enough to play fisticuffs with British fashion, and reset the pieces he destroys. Otherwise, there is the Chinese play—a thing of the quaintest charm and suggestiveness—*Typhoon*, a play of national characteristics, quite strong and interesting, but melodrama for all that, and, literally, little else of any enduring interest, while the girl-chorus entertainment theatre plays to nightly packed houses, from *Come Over Here*, with its astonishing railway-race illusion, to the sentimental French importation, *J'adore ca*, which draws our young men to the Middlesex, as Caruso draws society to Covent Garden, and Pávlova draws all lovers of art to the Palace.

The censorship question was laughed out of Westminster with sundry platitudinous japes and quips on the plea of the Majority, which is the moral principle actuating Party Government, and since then there have been renewed rumbles about the National Theatre scheme, with the delightfully English suggestion that all the beautiful actresses on the stage should process through London

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in a kind of Godiva act of penitence and reformation. It is a black outlook, symptomatic of the times and in the strangest contrast with the movement for the independence of women, who are going to do such great things for life and the body politic.

Such, however, is the situation, a general condition of frivolity and pathos, our greatest actor quitting the stage and Sir Herbert taking to light opera. Out of it one thing emerges conclusively, and it is that a good play does "draw," that the public will still pay half-a-guinea for a stall for a piece that has distinctive merit. It is true that Ibsen is not much use commercially, and that English reviewers write about Strindberg as a "drunken beast," whereas he was in reality a sober man, consuming far less spirits in the year than the average Englishman does, but then neither of these great men ever pandered to popularity, nor has our theatrical public as yet emancipated itself from the Victorian tradition which excluded the expression of truth and idea from the playwright's equipment. All the same, their work has been revolutionary, and probably were Shaw to take Drury Lane for a season he would fill it with much the same people who have lately flocked there to see Mr. Forbes Robertson—which is the outstanding feature in the present crisis and one of auspicious significance.

To talk of a National Theatre at this juncture, then, seems rather comical. The real fact is that the dearth is of plays, not of the public, and it is so largely because the new playwright, who should essentially be a literary man—literary in its purest sense—has not yet ventured into the ring hitherto held by a small body of men whose commercial business it was to construct machine-made plays on a pattern as rigidly circumscribed and constricted as is the form of French poetry. None the less unconsciously, the public has moved. The crisis has arisen precisely because audiences do demand something more than technique and artificiality, and because the ring cannot supply the article. They have been hoist with their own methods. Meanwhile the new men have not yet appeared, with the result that the general high-priced theatre is in a state of chronic confusion and insolvency, and will probably so continue until plays are produced which can compete with the better fare now provided on the Halls.

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That managers, even actor-managers, themselves recognise this is proved by the number of imported plays now running, by the number of foreign artists—dancers, singers, actors and negroes—now performing at enormous salaries, for there is the same crisis and dearth in the English performing world as there is in the art of the drama. We see these Russians dance and a man is staggered at the beauty and perfection of their art, this stupendous superiority of Slav æsthetics over anything that our industrial civilisation can pit against it, so that in sheer despair we turn to the joy dances of the Americans and to negro rag-time for exhilaration. We listen to Caruso, we watch some South American girl dancing a tango, we feel these are not English potentialities. But the important thing is that we are recognising these people, we are getting outside our insularity, we are seeing what Continental artists can do, and the result has been the purification of the Halls from the sodden mother-in-law business and the conversion of those old-time palaces of beer into houses of clean and inspiring art.

It is this foreign invasion that has made the English music hall what it is to-day. The trouble with the legitimate theatre is that good plays are so few. The difficulty of getting a play produced, that curse in the conditions of English art—individualism, which acts centrifugally and chaotically, leaving, in the absence of standard, professional organisation and co-operation, the control and initiative of selection and production in the power of men who are for the most part æsthetically ignorant and invariably commercial. In this respect the halls are far ahead of the theatres, as those responsible are beginning to discover. There is nothing better than the dancing of Pávlova in all London. Even the Marionettes are a thing of joy and charm. What in equivalent art value have the general theatres to present? I think it was Francis Grierson who, writing of the decadence of clerical influence, said that the reason was because the clergy were no longer on the art level of their congregations. Precisely the same thing is the matter with the English commercial theatre, which is not, either in manner or matter, on the art level of the audiences accustomed now to the very excellent turns and æsthetic exhibitions to be seen in the theatres where they

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smoke. If managers complain, they must try and educate themselves up to the art level of their public, which is really not a high level and in this country is very easily satisfied. If they don't believe it, let them remember how many of them refused *Kismet* and how many years it waited for production. The real crisis lies in the inferior art-intelligence of those who run our theatres. With men like Craig and William Poel stupendous things might be done for the English Drama. What we really need is a Ministry of the Fine Arts. Meanwhile, as a contributory means to rid our theatres of the Victorian wooden play, which is no longer even a commercial proposition, the Tango Tea, which sterling suffragettes in America attend, should not only become fashionable as a recreation, but a useful instrument of rhythm in the movement towards the theatre of idea and nobility.

S. O.

Books of the Month

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE INVINCIBLE ALLIANCE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By FRANCIS GRIERSON.
John Lane.

Mr. Grierson is one of our few conscientious writers who have a style; also he is one of our few writers who are fully abreast with Continental thought, both in the philosophies and in the arts. That is why he is always so refreshing. His little essays are masterpieces of lucid expression, condensed thought, stimulating phraseology; and behind them there is always the authority of the objective mind which has thought out things for itself. He puts his index finger on the weak places: on the clergy, now no longer on the art level of their congregations; on Bernard Shaw; on Disraeli, the cleverest dandy that ever lived; on snobbery; on music; even on politics, where, as he truly points out, the English attitude is twenty years behind that of the Continent, which thinks religiously in battalions. There will be no second edition of the Elizabethan or the Victorian era. Sects, parties, and individuals will be swept along with the tidal wave of Continental transformation, and men will cease to say: "I believe"; they will bow before the inexorable. The imperative will rule. The new era will bring with it a spiritual renaissance and the unity of the Anglo-American people.

Mr. Grierson is very strong on this point, as he is on German militarism. We believe him to be absolutely right. This is a most suggestive little volume, and entirely free from the fashionable trick of paradox, because the man is himself entirely sincere.

LOVE LETTERS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN. By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.
Constable.

If reprints are a test of what is good in literary art, then Mrs. Clifford must certainly be congratulated on this work, which, republished now after the lapse of twenty years, is astonishingly fresh and stimulating—perhaps the best thing Mrs. Clifford ever wrote. It set the fashion at the time, for in the years following dozens of love-letters appeared in all languages, yet none are more readable than these or more philosophical in their outlook, and there is an addition in what one might call an eminently modern manner. These letters are far more than merely entertaining passages on love and worldly vanities; they are essentially sincere psychological studies, revelatory of a woman's character as much as some of the chapters in *Vagabond*, that astounding book of Mme. Colette Willy. Moreover, they admit passion, woman's passion as distinct from sentiment, which is so studiously eliminated from English fiction; they are curiously genuine in their worldly appeal, admirably expressed, delicate and subtle. No better letters have been written than these. In their philosophy they face life; they are full of emotion, vitality, personality. Women should read them if only as a prophylactic to the migraine of the present day.

SWINBURNE. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Dent. 5s. net.

There is a common belief, partly due to Swinburne himself, that poets' criticism of poetry must be vague, superficial, washy laudation. It is singularly untrue; and Mr. Drinkwater exemplifies its untruth. This book is extreme, if at all, in the direction of keen abstract thought and

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careful, logical, and philosophical discussion. It is a good little book. Mr. Drinkwater writes a light, pleasant, ardent style, not rhetorical, but sometimes over-eloquent. On the whole, he is more interesting when he is explaining than when he is praising, but at times he can praise nobly. The book is alive, but not offensively kicking. The best part is the precise enunciation of what poetical merits Swinburne had, and what he had not. He had the power of persuasion in speech and metre, and he lacked subtlety of words. Among other fine vindications of Swinburne, Mr. Drinkwater champions his thinking powers. But he misunderstands the real meaning that lies under the rather confused charge that Swinburne did not think in his poetry. The truth is that Swinburne may have had a good intellect; but he was not an intellectual man. His passions did not come to him through the filter of his brain, as they did with Donne and Shakespeare. And the reason why *Dolores* seems dull to some (can they be true lovers of Swinburne?) is not, as Mr. Drinkwater brilliantly suggests, that anapaests in English obscure thought, but that Swinburne could not build either the melody or the thought of a long poem sufficiently well. Each stanza of *Dolores* is beyond praise. But any stanza might come after any other. There is no process and no progress. As for anapaests—has Mr. Drinkwater ever read *The Hunting of the Snark*? and dare he assert that he was lulled into forgetfulness of the thought?

This book betrays a reader, it will be obvious, into that enthusiastic disagreement which is one of the greatest of compliments. Occasionally he may smile at Mr. Drinkwater's impetuosity; as when he rather condescendingly praises *The Duke of Gandia* as being yet not without merit, though Swinburne's last play, and on another page splendidly renounces the pedantry of dates and periods—and all the while ignores the fact that though published in 1908, the play was written in 1882! But, on the whole, it is a rich, human, and lively book; nobly generous, and yet generally critical, illuminative of Swinburne, and exciting in its attitude to life.

FOLK TALES OF BREFFNY. By B. HUNT. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

Those who have an interest in the stuff at the back of literature, and who like seeing that stuff first taking shape in the intuitive imagination of simple men, will value this book. In its simplicity it has a quality so rare (in both meanings of the word) that it should occupy a permanent place on the shelf, with the very few other books of its kind that exist. The tales differ greatly in value; some of them, in fact, taper away and just disappear with an inconsequence that defies the mind looking for a conclusion to things. But that is part of their nature. Miss Hunt had them told her by an "old man who said he had more and better learning nor the scholars"; a Breffny man, from that part of Connacht covered by County Leitrim and a part of County Sligo. Collateral tales to these will be familiar to those who have met similar men in other parts of Connacht. But Miss Hunt differs from others in that she has gone to the pains of putting them carefully down, and (as we judge) trimming away the amplifications; with the result that, reading her pages, in their wonderful *naïveté*, one comes closely into touch with a vivid imagination at work, in a people living near the source of wonder, purging itself through centuries of renewed wonder. The graphic drama of the telling is largely lost; but that must needs be, for the printed page will not compete in such matters with the kindling eye and the cadence of voice. But what has been retained will, if justly caught, make the appetite more than a little impatient of problem-novels.

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST. By WILLIAM PAGE ANDREWS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

This little book is a learned and suggestive introduction to the reading of Faust. It is a work of ripe American scholarship, quite sufficient to show, by itself, that its author has studied Goethe very profoundly. Mr. Andrews has built up a whole theory as to what Goethe really meant by

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Faust. He analyses both parts with earnest skill, and presents us with his conclusions. He sees *Faust* as one cosmic whole representing the vast drama of life. Not a line but which has some special significance in the completed structure. These various ideas of Mr. Andrews, developed as they obviously are with knowledge and maturity of consideration, are sure to be of much interest to students of Goethe.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REVOLUTION. By GUSTAVE LE BON. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

Monsieur Le Bon's psychology is clumsy, and since the whole art of psychology consists in conjuring with reasons so as to deceive the reason, the author is rather like a bad entertainer whose tricks of palming and illusion are done so slowly that we see through them. We are rapidly using up psychology as a form of literature. Everyone psychologises now—even Selfridge's, who do it quite well at times in those ingenious special advertisements of theirs in the newspapers. But without a very definite direction or intention, psychology becomes little more than iteration or elaboration. Even so well known an adept as the late Mr. William James spoke of "the fragility of a science which oozes metaphysical criticism at every joint." It is from this lack of intensity and direction that *The Psychology of Revolution* suffers.

Avowedly a treatise on revolution generally, it is little more than an elaborate essay on the French Revolution. Nearly all the illustrations are drawn from that event, and the Jacobin spirit of that time represents for the author the revolutionary spirit itself.

Monsieur Le Bon follows the trend of modern philosophy in looking to belief rather than to reason for the motives of the happenings of which he treats, but his interest in this belief is itself a rational rather than an instinctive one. The fact is, Monsieur Le Bon has missed the synthesis which could have excused and made fine a study on so absorbing a topic as revolution. The book is not very much more than a mass of drifting *aperçus*—some not without delicacy and vigour—and a collection of facts and incidents from the times of the Terror.

FELLOWSHIP BOOKS. 6 vols. B. T. Batsford. 2s. each.

FRIENDSHIP. By CLIFFORD BAX.

THE JOY OF THE THEATRE. By GILBERT CANNAN.

DIVINE DISCONTENT. By JAMES GUTHRIE.

THE QUEST OF THE IDEAL. By GRACE RHYS.

SPRINGTIME. By C. J. TAIT.

THE COUNTRY. By EDWARD THOMAS.

The first six volumes of the new series, revelatory of what is called the new humanism, are quite pleasant reading, and each strike in a distinctive way a note of a sane outlook upon life, which is quite refreshing after the old doxies and stereotyped doctrines we have suffered from for so many years. Perhaps the best of these is Gilbert Cannan's essay on *The Joy of the Theatre*, though, as he rather cynically remarks, it is difficult to see where the joy of the theatre in the present state of England exactly comes in. Edward Thomas, on the "Countryside," is always delightful, and the volume by Grace Rhys says many happy things in felicitous language. A further series is promised in due course.

AUGUST STRINDBERG. By LIND-AF-HAGEBY. Stanley Paul. 6s. net.

We are beginning to read a little Strindberg now that he is dead, so that this life comes appositely. It is a very readable, straightforward, and correct account of this strange man's life and work, and shows—if not forcibly enough—how he was persecuted in Sweden by feminists, purists, and the new sentimental Ibsonian movement, which at that time was rampant. From the critical point of view, not much need be said about it. For a closer examination of his work we refer our readers to two articles on Strindberg which appeared in *THE ENGLISH REVIEW* in November and December last. It is well to have some faithful story of

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Strindberg, who always was, and probably always will be, the subject for gross exaggeration and untruth, and in this volume the facts are stated with conscientious fidelity to what Strindberg himself would be the first to call the approximate truth.

LORE OF PROSERPINE. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Macmillan. 5s.

One has doubts about Mr. Hewlett's somewhat new phase—autobiography—because, as he himself says in the preface, that if one asked him whether these things were true he would not know himself. And as he is an incurable (our foremost) romanticist, one is inclined to question the verisimilitude of Mr. Hewlett's incursions into the souls that haunt woods, and the fairy wives, some half-million of whom he declares are *de facto* married to ordinary men, and those other phantom figures of the glens on the Downs of Wiltshire, which he calls Oreads. At the same time, there is no reason to stand on points about the matter. Whether true or not, Mr. Hewlett's visions as a boy of strange women vanishing from windows, of human hares and sprights seen by the wayside, are delightful metaphysical creations, and dovetail easily enough into chapters which contain a good deal of philosophic thought and literary descriptive matter, especially of flowers and the countryside, which Mr. Hewlett revels in. It is an eminently readable work, in many ways a very delightful one. Nearly all creative artists are visionaries, and we now know that Strindberg has left four volumes of a diary in which he has described his communings with spirits and unseen souls in his walks and even at his own table, a book which some day will be published, when no doubt the whole world will declare that this is the final proof of Strindberg's madness. Marie Corelli, too, writes—or so she says—as the result of visions. Therefore, we must accept Mr. Hewlett's, even if we feel it necessary to raise a demurrer to his prime contention that in England you can only write about sex in an artificial or romantic way. There we do differ very seriously. Above all things it is the truth that the new literary world are trying for even in England, and it is one of the things that the new woman will assuredly herself introduce into fiction if the men fall short.

FICTION

PUNCH AND JUDY. By EDWIN PUGH. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

The names of the characters in this novel give the key to its quality and intention. Here are some of them:—Crispin Pix, Mrs. Tullilove (a midwife), Holy Jo, Mog the Roman, Una Vani, Bartholomew Dale. With a collection of names like that, and the *locale* of the story given as Soho, the intelligent novel-reader can almost reconstruct the book. Mr. Pugh writes of genius starving sentimentally in that false, unreal Soho which a succession of novels on Bohemian life have developed into a regular swindling tradition. The word "Soho" seems to have much the same effect on the modern novelist as songs about mothers have on music-hall audiences. It is really time to protest. One dines in Soho sometimes, and one does not want to wade to one's restaurant through an atmosphere of sentiment and greasy pathos. *Punch and Judy* is the usual *pot-pourri* of fantastic Bohemian figures—composers, models, anarchists, foreign restaurant-keepers, &c., &c. If any character is bad, we know it is only a device to conceal his kind heart; if anyone is good, we suspect it to be a trap to lure us into thinking he is not a villain.

The book is wet with sentiment. One wants to wring it dry. If one did, there would probably be little more than the Dickens influence and some good, honest observation left.

A SMALL BOY AND OTHERS. By HENRY JAMES. Macmillan. 12s. net.

Although this is nominally an "attempt to place together some particulars of the early life of William James," it is, in truth, much more the autobiography of Henry James's own earliest years. It is written with

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all the glittering, the elusive, and the unsatisfactory brilliance of Mr. James's later manner. Never did the author of *What Maisie Knew* insist more upon the close and patient attention of his readers, and never did he clothe a very human story in a more inhuman garb of over-finished style. If anyone thinks that this book about a small boy must be easy to follow, they are quite mistaken. It is as hard to understand what Henry James knew at the age of ten as it is to understand what Maisie knew at a somewhat similar period of her life. In fact, it is harder. For this work simply bristles with that hardest of all literary difficulties—the difficulty of getting to grips with your subject. In flashes you seem to get close to Mr. James, and then, all of a sudden, he mysteriously melts from you into the elaborate twilight of long, subtle, and purely intellectual reminiscences. The artistic temperament is much too strong in Mr. James to make his autobiography "good reading" in the ordinary sense of the word. He cannot conquer his impersonality, or, rather, he probably would not attempt to conquer it. He tells you about his childhood as though it were some delicious problem he was striving to solve, some romantic problem of a faded and vanished age. For you do feel the romance running through all the pages of this singular book. Mr. James's memory for the past must be intense and passionate to an unusual degree, although one is apt not to realise all this in the difficult and artificial structure of the volume. It is a work which must be read almost as some Baconians read a play of Shakespeare. There is no cypher here; but that a very complicated remark should have a quite easy significance is about as great a difficulty. Indeed, a knowledge of Mr. James's temperament, as gained from his later work, is necessary to anyone who wants to derive much pleasure from these reminiscences. To such a one *A Small Boy and Others* will be typical of all his ripe outlook and manner, but to others it will be something uncommonly like a bewildering morass. These last will try to follow the James family in America and in Paris, but they will invariably have the utmost haziness as to what precisely is happening. It resembles an extremely recondite puzzle, does this book. It is rather like Victor Hugo's description of the octopus—a thing that appears to have none of the attributes you might expect. However to the initiated it will be quite explicable by two words—Henry James. For that is one of Mr. James's triumphs: that he has got his public, his fine, distinguished public, and that it is he who has educated them. They recognise him as a master, and they are not the public to speak lightly. To them *A Small Boy and Others* will add to the liberal education which the reading of his work affords.

MR. FLEIGHT. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Howard Latimer, Ltd.

In an admirable opening Mr. Hueffer introduces us to his latest (historical) hero, one Fleight, *alias* Rothweil, who, being unable to spend the interest on his interest, is bent on climbing the ladder of fame. He gets hold of one Blood, who is a sort of incarnate Kitchener, Rosebery, Curzon, Balfour, and the fun begins, providing the author with a wide opportunity to flash his wit upon Jews, climbers, wirepullers, politicians, placemen and placehunters, and any other sort of individual that he pleases to lash into, in a hodge-podge story which depends entirely for its interest on the amount of satire he can cram into it. Sometimes Mr. Hueffer is exquisitely droll. All the early part is amusing, and there is a good deal about a New Review and people connected with it, which will enable people to try and put names, though whether Mr. Hueffer is referring to his own conduct of the ENGLISH REVIEW, to Rhythm, or the British, must be left to pious imagination. Unfortunately, he evidently grew bored with the subject before the end, which falls rather flat, culminating in a happy marriage, after the manner of the conventional novelist. But the best thing in the book is the study of Mr. Fleight himself, seeking vainly to escape from his own surroundings, a figure of compassion, very human, almost pathetic. Here Mr. Hueffer's real art is apparent. His satire gets a bit heavy—it is a curious fact, but Germans never can be satirical—nor

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does he display much technical knowledge of the inwardness of political life, which is mere plaster and generality. However, it is a bracing, amusing book which people will find entertaining enough. As a piece of witty writing and satirical point it never reaches the brilliance of the best of our satirists, Violet Hunt.

GOSLINGS. By J. D. BERESFORD. Heinemann.

The author of *The Hampdenshire Wonder* has again given us a book on an idea which should alone ensure it a wide public. This time it is a plague, a disease which kills off men, until all Europe is practically a woman's world, man having died out of the community. Two things are noticeable. One is the process of man's elimination, the movement of the book, which, of course, is more or less melodramatic; and the other is the problem which arises when all the males are killed and woman finds herself mistress of life and its government. Mr. Beresford devotes the major portion to the sensational side. The problem, human, economic, political, sociological, he has but touched upon, and yet this is the side one would like to find an imaginative talent dwelling on, for a plague is a "plaguey" thing, and what really concerns us is the reconstruction of a society which is wholly feminine. All that we learn is that class distinctions and sex distinctions and "all things like that" are abolished in the reformation; women work like men, they are no longer dependent upon men; mothers will be the most precious things in the State; there will be no slaves, no useless women living in frivolity; people will no longer worship money and wealth, position and power, but lead healthy, useful lives. This book certainly needs another volume to show how the "great plan" shapes, but, pending its appearance, we can all enjoy Mr. Beresford's tale, which, incidentally, furnishes a delicate satire on the lives women lead nowadays and the appalling vanity of modern civilisation.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE FLOWERY REPUBLIC. By FREDERICK McCORMICK. John Murray. 15s. net.

Perhaps it is because he is American—and of all countries America has the cleanest record in her dealings with the Far East—that Mr. Frederick McCormick has written so sympathetically and well of recent events in China. He is in no way concerned with the financial intrigues of this or that group of Powers, he has no national axe to grind, and therefore his book can be read without suspicion.

The Flowery Republic is a fascinating summary of great events, the crisis of four hundred million people. It is a stirring tale finely told of the passing of the Manchus amid the crash of burning cities with the torch of revolution flaming from province to province. It is the drama of a nation without food, of armies without pay, and a Government stricken with creeping paralysis. It has some of the features of the French Revolution and most of the methods of the Russian Nihilists. Here and there are little pictures somewhat detached from the central chaos. Some are quaint and some wholly grim. We see the flight of fat officials growing leaner on the road to safety; we watch the guileless envoys taking their last cup of tea with their smiling host. Soldiers are standing armed without the doors, within there is but the chink of the cups and the hum of agreeable conversation.

In the foreground from which the figure of Old Buddha, greatest of the Dowagers, has faded there are still the great protagonists, Yuan Shih-K'ai and Sun Yat-sen. Man of action and organiser of China's modern army, Yuan Shih-K'ai stands for Northern China. Dreamer and idealist, Sun Yat-sen stands for the South. It is the old division of China from the days of Confucius and Lao-tzū. Of course, the sympathies of Europe are largely on the side of Sun, with his foreign education and hosts of friends in every land. He is Wang An-shih, the eleventh-century father of Socialism reincarnate. But Mr. McCormick is just, and pays more than

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a passing tribute to the solitary figure of China's President. "Foreigners may not think well of me for doing this, nor of this method, but it is my way." This is Yuan Shih-K'ai, against whom Dr. Sun is appealing to the judgment of Europe.

A word must be said for the very delightful illustrations from the Chinese Press which accompany this volume. They reveal a sense of humour and a vitality which certainly do not belong to a nation in decay.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY. By CHARLES WHIBLEY. Constable. 5s.

Mr. Whibley has *found himself*: how long will it be ere others find him? It is indeed a striking commentary on our amateurish and immature way of regarding literature that his charming books are, relatively speaking, so little known. But the reason is not far to seek. His very qualities are what our public mistrusts. To their emotional minds there is something wrong about a man fully equipped as he is and yet wearing his scholarship so lightly—something almost unethical in an author who has unquestionably received a decent education and yet neither approves nor disapproves of the actions of those whose lives he paints. How the middle-class reader must resent his utter lack of the moral taint—his incurably sane outlook!

Nowhere is he more in his element than in these seven character-sketches dealing with certain English worthies of the past, of which the first, that on Sir Thomas Overbury, is the most ambitious and perhaps the most effective. One and all, they are finely chiselled portraits, full of vivifying touches, as when he says of the Admirable Crichton that "his genius was like a block of ice, clear and frozen, which the changing season melts to water," or of Lamb's adorable Duchess of Newcastle that "her experiments in philosophy, which she herself prized most highly, are of an engaging triviality. She discovered the obvious with a passion of delight." The paper on Stow, again, contains a veritable revelation of the life of sixteenth-century London, and is, in our opinion, the most characteristic, the most *Whiblean*, in a volume whose every page makes one rejoice to think that the ranks of our drowsy, self-conscious historical students are enlivened by a man of such temperamental clarity.

THE STORY OF THE RENAISSANCE. By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON. Cassell. 5s. net.

ONE gains a curious sense of the revolutions of time by recalling what the Renaissance was. In one it was the introduction of a new era, and the revival of an old. When Brunelleschi turned back before the introduction of Gothic for his architecture, he also turned forward to a new day. He could not deny the Gothic exuberance, for that was in his blood; and thus all the ages met in his work, and time stood still, as time should when art is in creation. To read in Mr. Hudson's well-packed and discriminating pages of the paradox whereby a day unlike anything that had been was created by submitting with enthusiasm to a day that, in modern phrase, would have been considered hopelessly outdated, should be a check to those who, without thought, brag of the mere progress of years. There is no phase of that paradox that he does not handle concisely. Avoiding the paths of disquisition, he has written a book that is popular in the best, not the vague and slipshod, sense. That is to say, it is not a specialised study (its scope prohibits that), although its erudition is stamped on every page. It advances no new point of view from which the whole panorama could be regarded, and yet we know of no book where, in convenient space, the whole of it could be more fully surveyed and absolutely trusted. Especially good is the chapter entitled "The Renaissance in Art." That, of course, is due to the fact that the Renaissance is most adequately reflected in pictorial and plastic art; yet to present the whole of that art justly and yet completely in fifty pages is not a small feat. The book is well illustrated.

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THE LOSS OF NORMANDY. By F. M. POWICKE, M.A. Manchester University Press. 15s.

It will be many years, assuredly, ere these exhaustive studies in the history of the Angevin Empire are superseded. Professor Powicke, in dealing with the momentous period of 1189-1204, has gone to the fountain-head, to contemporary chronicles and annals, and drawn from them a vivid picture of old Normandy, a picture which he has enlarged and, in places, corrected by a judicious examination of modern authorities. There are some admirable maps, coloured and otherwise, and the index alone, occupying some eighty pages, has plainly been compiled *con amore*; it will be found to bear all those rigid tests which are imposed by a work covering a field of research as vast as this one.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

THE MYSTIC WAY: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY IN CHRISTIAN ORIGINS. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. Dent. 12s. 6d. net.

This book is a wilderness of quotation marks and inverted commas—the opinions of mystics of many lands, cemented together by Miss Underhill's convulsive intellectuality. She has saturated herself with their thoughts; she has adopted and, in our opinion, considerably improved upon, their rich technical jargon:—

"Transmutation and communion: the pushing out, as it were, of a bit of the time world into the eternal world, or—the same thing seen at another angle—the discovery of Reality's substance under simplest accidents within the framework of the Here-and-Now: the Paradoxical encounter of Divine Personality under profoundly impersonal forms: Divine Union actually achieved by the separated human creature: the feeding of crescent spirit upon Eternal Life: the slow growth and pilgrimage of the soul up from its new birth to an actual attainment of God, under the cyclic law that governs the Mystic Way. . . ."

The nun of Avila was fairly adept at such pious rhetoric, but how she would have envied this flow of pseudo-science, this jingle of specious analogy! And—by the way—how true it is, as Professor Maudsley points out, that one cannot speak ineffable things save in quite unintelligible language. . . . Which reminds us that Miss Underhill's sub-title is a misnomer. There is not the faintest breath of psychology in these pages.

The passage we have quoted occurs in the chapters entitled "The Witness of the Liturgy." They are interesting as showing the profundities which the true mystic, with his craving for the non-real, can read into ordinary things. Contrast with these forty pages of dark rhapsody the bald statement of a clerical Roman Catholic organ to the effect that "the eucharistic sacrifice, which the Church perpetually offers to heaven, assuages the anger of God, delays his punishments, and procures his mercy," and you will see the gulf between the mystic's and the non-mystic's idea of the purport of that sensuous pantomime, the Mass—the subject of these chapters.

The humanity of Christ has ever been a favourite topic with certain female mystics whose sub-carnal complexion of faith resents the idea of a Saviour purely divine, and therefore inconveniently remote for their clinging idolatry. Miss Underhill is not hostile to their rather gross point of view, which she has subtilised, however, or etherialised—as befits her more dignified and refined attitude towards these matters. Like them, she yearns for a human Christ, but as she sees the case, Christ is human because his inner life corresponds in its different stages of "saltatory ascent" with that of other mortal mystics; they all, according to her, follow the same lines of spiritual development—the cyclic law of the Mystic Way. It requires some boldness to formulate a proposition of this nature, for devout Christians may well ask themselves whether such a process of growth, if true, redounds to the credit of their Redeemer; while the young carpenter of Nazareth himself would assuredly have learnt with surprise that he had modelled the incidents of his psychic expansion upon

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lines similar to those of an ungracious, anti-social creature like Saint Teresa. Indeed, we fear he would have been not altogether pleased at a great many of the complexities which the courageous zeal of Miss Underhill has been enabled to read into his baptism, his temptation and other events of his simple life. Such is the mystic's touch: to make the plainest matters portentous and inscrutable.

Yet her courage fails her where least it should: in a little episode like that of Christ's walking upon the water (p. 115). Surely there is not the difficulty she tears in admitting the possibility of such "helps to faith." Levitation has always been a popular device—a well-authenticated phenomenon, we should say. The gods of the Hindus were uplifted above the ground, their feet being too pure to touch sinful earth; early heathen ascetics like Iamblichus and Apollonius were suspended in air for the consolation of their disciples; and had Miss Underhill been sufficiently unwise to pursue her investigations of the mystic temperament into more recent periods she would have discovered a hundred cases of levitation, acknowledged not by a handful of illiterate Galilean fishermen, but by civic dignitaries, judges, and cardinals of the church, who have borne witness to the truth of the miracle in notarially attested documents. The same with the *aura* or glory, the preternatural radiance associated with the story of the Transfiguration (p. 120). It is straining at a gnat to question the existence of this curious effulgence, which is a very ancient "help to faith," already recorded by Homer as having irradiated the head of Diomed.

But here we touch the defect of this work: Miss Underhill has given us not the "Mystic Way," but only a microscopic sample of it—merely an inch or so of that endless road of illusion and irrationalism that stretches from the days of dream-haunted savagery up to spiritualistic séances of modern Mayfair. No matter! An inch of this kind of stuff is as good as a mile. And let us frankly state that her main thesis appears to us altogether untenable; that there was nothing of the mystic in Jesus of Nazareth; and that her method of sustaining this contention does violence to the New Testamentary record. That said, we are quite prepared to agree that if Jesus had been infected with that particular taint, he would necessarily have conformed to the "cyclic law." So would Mr. Lloyd George; so would all of us—had we been born mystics. For there is a fatal family likeness between the mystics of every land and every age; they all obey the "cyclic law" because their brains are too warped to conceive anything beyond it; and this is why we said that an inch of the Mystic Way is as good as a mile. They are spiritually impoverished beings, self-centred enthusiasts whose minds, divorced from actuality, are harping for ever on one or two strings of defective sensation: how familiar are all their stages of "saltatory ascent"! How one knows it all beforehand—those inner trials and poor little devil-controversies, those roseate revelations that culminate, inevitably, in some "Union with God or Grand Renunciation" which, appraised at its correct value, simply means that the patient has finally abandoned all hope of solving the discord between himself and the life of reason!

And this induces us to wonder whether Miss Underhill's "Mystic Way" can be properly called a thoroughfare at all; whether it leads anywhere; or whether it is not rather a kind of track of circular shape, such as that which is perambulated, to his complete satisfaction, by the blind-folded donkey who turns the mill in never-ending gyration, cheered with the thought that he is traversing fresh landscapes and making wondrous headway? Be that as it may, we call to mind what Ribot says of Mysticism and *Progrès continu d'appauvrissement intellectuel*, and escape, with a sigh of relief, from this twilight of hallucinated neurotics into the sunshine of rational human society.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMAN. By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY (MRS. WALTER GALLICHAN). Eveleigh Nash, 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

This book is divided into three sections: biological, tracing the development of courtship, marriage, and parentage among animals; his-

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torical, dealing with the rise and supersession of the Matriarchate, and its traces among primitive peoples and in the civilisations of Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome; and modern, giving a balanced, penetrating, and courageous estimate of what Grete Meisel Hess has called "die sexuelle Krise." The last section is the best, and is all too short; for instance, it would be interesting to have Mrs. Gallichan's opinion of the amount of readjustment necessary to meet women's physiological handicaps even under just and decent conditions.

The book shows a fearless intellectual honesty and a deep sympathy and tolerance; it is the work of a serious student and of a woman who knows life as well as libraries. Thus, while demanding a world in which both sexes shall express themselves and contribute freely to the whole of life, Mrs. Gallichan is entirely free from the *androphobia* which an inevitable reaction has developed to such intensity of bitterness, and also from the "spiritual pride" which she diagnoses as the chief complaint of the modern woman. She refuses to credit "the existence of any special soulful character in woman's love," though, as she neatly adds, she "hesitates to write with that assurance of the passions of the other sex with which they have written of hers." *O si sic omnes!*

The chapter on "Sexual Differences in Mind" is absorbingly interesting, and based on the latest research. The author distinguishes between fundamental and artificially induced differences, and inclines to the view of the great biologist, Professor Arthur Tompson, that "it is probably true that some variations find expression more readily in man, and others more readily in woman," rather than "that the male constitution gives free play to the expression of variations which are kept latent in the female constitution." But Mrs. Gallichan sees and insists that it is in virtue of her special nature and powers that woman claims freedom and responsibility. While she herself is inclined to emphasise that side of the duality of love which affects the race rather than the individual, she admits that "for all women there is conceivably no one simple rule. Each woman must be free to make her own choice; she must give life gladly, to be able to give it well."

Mrs. Gallichan insists on the need of some form of marriage, *i.e.*, formal responsibility of both parents for the child, or children, and suggests as a basis for marriage reform the free contracts of ancient Egypt, which, though legally binding, were capable of being varied to suit individual cases, and not bound to one rigid formula.

She writes finely and truly on the absurd and indecent cruelty of penalising divorce; on the cherished superstition of feminine passivity in love, and the origin of the chastity taboo on women with its waste of life and love. "Wherever women are in subjection, there it is that the idols of purity and chastity are set up for worship."

She even has a sane and humane chapter on prostitution, recognising the complexity of its causes, and the kindness and generosity of these scapegoat women to one another, as well as their erotic insensibility.

The book should be read by all educated men and women. It will probably be greeted with screams of denunciation from those persons whose hostility forms a hall-mark of mental honesty and social value.

There is a fair index and a good bibliography.

THE EQUINOX. Vol. I., No. 8. 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, S.W. 10s. 6d. net.

We have derived much spiritual entertainment from this exotic. It contains, among a number of more mundane dissertations, the incomparable *Sepher Sephirot*—a hebaico-philogenetico-cabalistic lexicon whose authors, we are told, possess not the "smallest degree of scholarship." Is it, therefore, one of those rare works which are due to an inspired afflatus? We can well believe it; for great was our joy on discovering, for instance, that the figure 1350 corresponds to the numerical value of the 9 Paths of the Lesser Beard. For many long years we have been dimly

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aware of this fact, but it needed the illuminating ray of Sepher Sephirot to put the matter beyond all doubt.

None the less, it stands to reason that we cannot possibly aspire to become associates of the A . . . A . . . : the fourteen ponderous tomes of mystic learning which its neophytes must purchase and inwardly digest before they can attain the grade of Probationer would alone be an unbearable strain on our income, to say nothing of our cerebellum. Furthermore, that costly seed-pearl embroidered robe which, needless to say, we should be anxious to exchange at the earliest opportunity for the still more glowing habiliments of the *Magister Templi*, whose price is above rubies. . . . And then, those precious unguents and essences useful to the lower grades of the brotherhood (for, of course, we should want to do the thing thoroughly)—the "Venus Essence" and that other one, the *Unguentum Sabbati*, whose name alone conjures up scarlet visions of P. C. W. D. . . . Yet, were it merely a question of ointments, we might have cherished the ambition of figuring sooner or later in the conclave, for this *Unguentum Sabbati*, we are glad to learn, only costs 17s. 6d. per ounce, and for that matter we might have contrived to smuggle some of our own stuff (Cheeseborough Company: *not* the yellow kind) into the August Assembly. But who, despite such lubricants, can twist his limbs at our time of life into the sixty-nine approved attitudes of the Ecstatic Sage? And how on earth shall we discourse with fitting discrimination of Tao Teh King and Kwang Tzu?

No; it is hopeless. Confound Kwang Tzu, and likewise Abra-melin the Mage! We must be content to remain in darkness—humble exoterics lingering at the gate of the sanctuary and inhaling, perchance, through the keyhole, the subtle odours of certain *Pavots d'Amour Cro-Cro* which are being masticated within by the blameless teeth of the Sacred Band of Initiates. *Konx Om Pax Vobiscum*. . . .

POETRY

SONGS OF THE DEAD END. By PATRICK MACGILL. The Year Book Press. 3s. 6d. net.

GITANJALI (SONG OFFERINGS). By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

A BOY'S WILL. By ROBERT FROST. David Nutt.

PERSE PLAYBOOKS. No. 3. Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons. 2s. net.

Mr. Patrick MacGill falls into two quite distinct categories. There is the labourer in moleskin and corduroy and hobnailed bluchers, and of him it may be said that his poems are as good as may well be expected. These navy-songs have a genuine smack of the soil; they are lusty and veracious—based on experience. A flavour of Kipling? Why, yes; even a very strong flavour; but no harm in that. Mr. MacGill has appropriated not the ideas of Kipling—he only uses the same kind of language, and where could he have found a better model? Wholly different from this rough eloquence is the conventional rhetoric of Mr. MacGill in his drawing-room mood. It would be easy enough to damn these particular efforts with faint praise. We shall do nothing of the kind; regarding them, on the contrary, as laudable experiments which prove that our poet is widening his outlook and hearkening to new voices. Some day, maybe, these diverse strains will coalesce to form an harmonious blend: such things have happened ere now.

If one sought the whole world over, it would be hard to find a greater contrast to Mr. MacGill's rugged, straightforward navy-songs than the mellifluously mystical outpourings which the author of *Gitanjali* has translated into English prose from their Oriental original. These verses—they are meant to be sung—have been acclaimed by several continents as a revelation in art; their writer, still young in years, was famous at the age of twenty, and is now regarded with something approaching veneration

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by fifty millions of his countrymen. There is beauty in them—the beauty of a dream; there are visions of beloved faces and flowery gardens, and, interpenetrating all, a great calm—a hint of that peace which the world cannot give. Portions of the songs are so profound as to seem obscure; these darker passages, in the Bengali version, are doubtless irradiated by some gleaming nuance of language which has suffered eclipse in the translation.

Mr. Yeats tells us that this volume has stirred his blood as nothing else has done for years. It may well be; Mr. Yeats has an elective affinity with all dreamers and symbolists. For our own part, we confess to finding a difficulty in breathing for any length of time such a rarefied atmosphere. The poems do not touch our heart; their pantheism is bloodless and attenuated; they contain too much that is abstract, quintessential, and remote from actual human issues. But they certainly stir our intelligence and excite our curiosity. Is a new Light of Asia about to dawn? Has that drowsy East given birth to yet another of those sages who distill opiate anodynes to lull our strenuous occidental questionings?

After the subtle refinements of *Gitanjali*, it does one good to glance awhile into the simple woodland philosophy of Mr. Frost. Nowhere on earth, we fancy, is there more outrageous nonsense printed under the name of poetry than in America; and our author, we are told, is an American. All the more credit to him for breaking away from this tradition—if such it can be called—and giving us not derivative, hypersensuous drivel, but an image of things really heard and seen. There is a wild, racy flavour in his poems; they sound that *inevitable* response to nature which is the hall-mark of true lyric feeling.

While there is not much of the human boy's work, as we know it, in the *Boy's Will* of Mr. Frost (we would wager that he has passed his fourth climateric), this *Perse Playbook* contains nothing else. And the right kind of boy's work, too. This is the third instalment of these Playbooks that mark a departure—almost a revolution—in paedagogic methods, to the importance of which we have already ventured to draw attention. Space will not allow us to go into this particular achievement of the *Perse* lads as playwrights and actors beyond saying that they who had the pleasure of witnessing the recent performance at Cambridge can have carried away none but the most favourable impressions of the spontaneity of the acting and the care which Mr. Caldwell Cook, Master of the Players, has devoted to his task. But this ought to be noted: the Playbooks are only one small aspect of a revised system of education now in project—a design such as must appeal to all who care to look into the matter. The realisation of this plan is a question of sordid finance—three or four thousand pounds would suffice. Now, are there such people as intelligent millionaires? If so, will not one of them, after reading the headmaster's brief but convincing preface, honour himself and benefit posterity by giving aid to a scheme which contains, without a doubt, the elements of a real humanising force?

POLITICAL

PROBLEMS OF POWER: A STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS FROM SADOWA TO KIRK-KILISSÉ. By H. M. MORTON FULLERTON. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d.

This is a work which in England will be criticised from the two points of view, Tory or Radical; it is therefore all the more urgent to implore readers to try and slough their parochial party skin and regard Mr. Fullerton as a sane and responsible man, who, having studied foreign politics most of his life, has enjoyed unrivalled opportunity, both for observation and appreciation. His book deals in wide sweeps with affairs, tracing, as a means to his end, the internal movements of the countries in question—England, France, and Germany—and so enforcing his conclusions which,

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right or wrong, are none the less those accepted by all serious students of modern history, most certainly by all Englishmen who have lived much on the Continent, as for sure they will be rejected by official Party Radicalism, with its traditional Puritanical dislike of France and idealist outlook of reform. As we regard this book as of real importance, a work which should be studied by serious men and women, we feel it a duty to express our regret that Mr. Fullerton should have fallen into the snare, so far as England is concerned, of accepting the Chamberlain shibboleth of Tariff Reform, with its Imperial rodomontade. This is a serious blunder, and if Mr. Fullerton is a wise man he would come over here, study that part of his question, and rewrite the latter part of his book on the lines accepted, even by the Tories, who have recently jettisoned food taxes to keep the party ship afloat. It is a pity that in a study so keen, so up to date as this, Mr. Fullerton should himself have taken a Party view; because it tends to awaken distrust, it weakens his case, which, as said, we hold to be in the main essentials right. And his case is this. First, the irreparable blunder committed by Bismarck in annexing Alsace and Lorraine; secondly, the importance to-day of economic and financial forces in foreign affairs, which are the real diplomatic weapons of modern statecraft, or, in plain words, international haute finance or commercialism. Quite the most interesting and illuminating portion of this book is Mr. Fullerton's account of French internal affairs, a subject he knows thoroughly and explains with admirable lucidity. For this information alone the book is worth buying. We question, however, whether Mr. Fullerton is quite right in asking for a solid military Triple Entente. The real future of England lies racially and linguistically with America. That, somehow, some day, fusion for all military purposes between England and America is inevitable, possibly even as the result of war between them, is, we hold, the ultimate solution of what is called British Imperialism, just as, in the same way, Austria must hold to Germany, and Russia to her mid-European Slav interest. But this does not enter into the scope of Mr. Fullerton's work, which we recommend cordially as a brilliant study, both authoritative and useful.

SPORT

INLAND GOLF. By EDWARD RAY. Werner Laurie, Ltd.

That the champion should write a book on golf was inevitable, and, on the whole, he has turned out a volume which stands out above the ordinary work of chatty reminiscences and club-house gossip. He has taken up a line. As a rule, writers on golf deal chiefly with seaside links, a game which Ray admits to be much easier than inland golf, where lies are bad and the necessary implements require more accurate and vigorous handling. And here, right away, he appeals to a large public—the great London golfing world who, for the most part, have to battle with park courses and balls that never “sit up” and often lie embedded in cups and holes where brassie play is impossible. This brings Ray to his cleek, the use of which he advises all inland golfers to master. He also explains, or tries to explain, the secret of his own great length from the tee, and is not afraid to tell the reader cheerfully to hit as hard as he can. About the niblick, too, he is informative. The question of the stance is discussed with overwhelming technical knowledge, how to putt, how to slice, how to obtain a long carry or a “runner”; and those who can profit by the advice and illustrations should find much real help in the book. It is a difficult game, and books about it seem generally to increase the difficulty. Ray, however, is explicit and conscientious. There is a pleasing absence of the usual golf silliness. A book for all golfers of the inland game.

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